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**EXCLUSIVE
'FAST'
EDDIE CLARKE
INTERVIEW!**

**MANOWAR!
PETE WAY!
NAZARETH!
SPIDER!
ROX!
KISS!**

**PROGRESSIVE ROCK
PART 2!**

'FAST' EDDIE CLARKE: pic by Denis O'Regan

shortly, incl
n appearance



METAL HEALTH

IS THIS a hint or what? A billboard the size of a small house shot up on Sunset Boulevard overnight, right round the corner from *Kerrang's* Hollywood headquarters, with the message: "SUPPORT THE MAJORITY FOR MUSICAL MORALITY". Why? Because, according to the big red eyesore, "together we can stop the Heavy Metal poisoning of America." No hints on how they're going to do it (take all the JUDAS PRIEST albums out of their sleeves and swap them for AIR SUPPLY? Flash subliminal CHRISTOPHER CROSS commercials on the screen during prime time TV?) and at press time we were unable to track down the mysterious Moral Musical Majority for comment. All we do know is they must have a bit more cash than the average HM fan if they can afford to rub billboard elbows with the likes of Neil Diamond and Marlboro cigarettes.

I DIDN'T think they had it in them anymore, but by all accounts KISS are still corrupting choirboys and getting little GENE fans babbling in tongues down there in the Deep South. A Vicar and the headmaster of a Baptist school down in Chattanooga (as in Choo-choo, ask your mum) went on TV to claim the band was out to "hypnotize" the town's rock and rollers and lead them down the path to devil worship. Later they tried to organise a pray-in around the arena where Kiss were playing. And in New Orleans a letter was run in the local *Times* urging a ban on the gig. All this, and they were still too late to save the soul of a teenage girl who leapt out of her parents' car at a North Dakota petrol station where she spotted the Kiss tour bus filling up, and pressed a copy of the Bible into the driver's hand, getting him to promise to pass it on to PAUL STANLEY. Inside the front cover was the girl's phone number!

FOLLOWING our recent feature on Bristol band JAGUAR, a rather irate spokesman for *Heavy Metal Records* contacted *Kerrang!* to inform us, that contrary to what was being claimed by the band, they have indeed been paid all owed royalties. As this fact has now been confirmed by Jaguar drummer Chris Lovell, naturally we wish to put the record straight. So, consider it done.

WE'VE HEARD of giving away patches, back-stage passes and cardboard guitars with vinyl releases, but this is going beyond all bounds of reason. Those glam-shockers WRATHCHILD are including with their debut 12 inch EP, 'Stack-heel Strut', pairs of edible knickers! Mark you, this is a strictly limited offer, for just 50 copies of said product will come thus laden. Moreover, any young female wishing to gain free entry to future

Wrathchild gigs simply has to turn up WEARING the damn things. On top of all this, if there is any nubile with gall enough to put 'em on then the band solemnly promise that, not only will they have the pleasure of *gratis* entrance, but they will also be able to watch the foursome actually eating the knickers ON STAGE. However, Wrathchild haven't informed us if this gourmet feasting will take place BEFORE or AFTER the ladies in question have had a chance to GET 'EM OFF!

A SPRINKLING of letters has reached us from rather disappointed Dutch OZZY fans concerning the man's last-minute cancellation of a gig in Utrecht towards the end of his recent European tour. It is apparently the second successive time he has done this, and one person even went so far as to suggest the reason for

such behaviour was that he'd gotten on the wrong train – and had ended up in London instead of Utrecht!

The truth, though, is far more sobering. A spokesperson for el Ozzy told us that the venue stage at Utrecht had proven too small for two bands' equipment. And as Ozzy was playing second on the bill to WHITESNAKE, it was the latter who decided he wasn't able to go on.

HOWEVER, the Ozz revelations don't stop here. For, in view of Black Sabbath's recent comments in these very pages concerning 'Talk Of The Devil' ("I thought he just made himself look stupid" – Geezer Butler) and it's blanket content of old Sabbs material, the main man wishes it to be known that he was totally against such a project from the start.

Originally, it seems, the idea started out as a RANDY RHOADS double-live tribute LP featuring mainly Blizzard songs, with the fourth side being a pic disc of said late axeman. However, Ozzy had no choice but to go along with the altered plans, when it was discovered that his label boss, one Don Arden, had actually promised such a Sabbath-orientated album to CBS – Osbourne's American record company. Moreover, what we'd like to know is how come Messrs Butler/lommi are so ignorant of the facts behind 'TODD', when Arden now happens to be their personal manager!

BUT WAIT, there's yet more on the Ozzy front. If you thought his reputation for creating hysteria and panic was just a figment of some publicist's fantasy island, then hearken unto this. Within six days of landing in the US for a full-blown coast-to-coast tour, Ozzy had the following happen to him: A bomb scare in Syracuse; the Roman Catholic Church in Scranton, Pennsylvania trying to ban his scheduled live appearance; a nutter phoning up in Maryland, threatening to shoot him; and violent anti-Ozzy demos hitting the streets in Huntington, West Virginia, which supposedly has more churches per square inch than any other part of the States! And people say it's only rock 'n' roll . . .

THOSE CANADIAN beaver-hunters ANVIL recently played five dates on the ongoing AEROSMITH USA tour – at the personal invitation of band manager David Krebs. Howzat for credibility? In the meantime, Anvil are now putting the finishing touches at Toronto Phase Three Studios to their third LP, 'Forged In Fire', produced by mad Greek, Chris Tsangarides.

THINGS ARE clearly on the move for Swedish Metallurgists HEAVY LOAD. Their recent 'Death Or Glory' LP has now sold some 10,000 copies, and is the very first Swedish home-grown HM album to hit the native charts. What's more, in the wake of such vinyl activity, the band have been offered tour supports with UFO in Britain and SAXON in Sweden. Unfortunately, they are unable to take up either of these possibilities owing to a lack of finance. However, they will be doing a major Swedish festival in May, as well

as playing some dates with Iron Maiden, when the latter visit that part of Europe in June.

In the meantime, though, the band are on the look-out for good management, and have a great desire to come over to the UK, as apparently Sweden isn't the greatest country on earth for a heavy band to work and live.

THIN LIZZY'S latest oeuvre 'Thunder & Lightning' has a special freebie/tempter included. The first 20,000 copies will contain a four-track, 12" single featuring live renditions of 'Emerald', 'Killer On The Loose', 'The Boys Are Back In Town', and 'Hollywood (Down On Your Luck)'. All songs were recorded on the last British tour.

LEICESTERSHIRE BAND WIKKYD VIKKER (featured in 'Armed & Ready') have now added former Valhalla guitarist Mark Evans to their line-up. The band have spent the past few months writing new material and recording a new single, 'Black Of The Night', although exactly what label this will eventually appear on is as yet unclear.

THE LATEST LARRY MILLER LP, 'Right Chaps' is now available in most good (?) record stores, released through the Neon/Bullet organisation. And to promote said album, the looney guitarist will be taking to the streets of Britain for a tour in March/April. You have been warned!

GERMAN GLADIATORS ACCEPT have now signed a UK recording deal with *Heavy Metal Records*. This means that their last LP, the highly acclaimed 'Restless & Wild', will at last be made readily available in this country, both on regulation black vinyl and also in picture disc form. And there is also to be a change of sleeve. To date, no plans have been announced for Accept to tour here, though we have reason to believe there might be good news on this front rather soon.

LATEST NEWS from the RAVEN camp is that their third album has now had its title altered to 'Athletic Rock', though this, it must be stressed, is only a tentative choice and might yet be altered again. Among those songs the band are considering for inclusion are 'Run Silent, Run Deep', 'Mind Over Metal', 'Gonna Lose Control', 'Sledgehammer Rock', and 'Seek & Destroy'. To date there's no firm news on any forthcoming Raven UK gigs, but it's expected the band will be undertaking a full-blown British tour before long, and also playing at least one major outdoor festival during the summer.

PRAYING MANTIS have parted company with Jet Records. Apparently, the split is a mutual decision, with both sides not shedding too many tears though what now happens to Mantis remains questionable. The band haven't actually recorded any new material since their one and only Jet maxi-single last year 'Tell Me The Nightmare's Wrong'. However, there's

TOUR DATES



AFTER AN 18 month absence from these shores RUSH return here in May for a major tour, taking in concerts at Birmingham, London, Deeside and Edinburgh. The full date sheet is as follows: N.E.C, Birmingham (May 14/15); Wembley Arena, London (17/18/20); Leisure Centre, Deeside (23); Royal Highland Exhibition Centre, Inglestone (24/25). Tickets are now on sale at all venues, except Wembley, where only postal applications are being accepted until March 4, when they will go on sale at the venue. Prices vary from gig to gig and fall into the following categories: £6.00/£5.00 – Birmingham; £6.30/£5.30 – Wembley; £5.50 – Deeside; £5.00 – Inglestone.

As far as a support act goes, no official word has yet reached us. However, **NAZARETH** are to play on Rush's European dates, which begin in Amsterdam on May 3, and conclude in Paris on the 12. According to a spokesman for the Scots rockers, negotiations have been entered into with a view to keeping this double-act intact for the British dates. The problem is that Naz are contracted to play at a major festival in Basle, Switzerland, on May 14, and thus would be unable to do the entire UK trek with Rush.

Talking of Nazareth, the band are presently in Vancouver recording a new album for release in early summer. As yet there is no title for this follow-up to '2XS', but among the working titles for the songs are: 'Baby's Got A Gun', 'Wasted', and 'Local Still'. The LP is to be produced by band guitarist **MANNY CHARLTON**, and a full-blown UK tour is expected later on in the year to tie in with it's appearance in the racks.

confidence from their management company of a new deal being clinched soon.

CONFUSION seems to be rampant at the moment on the glam front. Following our announcement in the last issue concerning the world's first-ever glam festival on March 18 at Salford College of Technology, all hell has broken loose!

First off, **WRATHCHILD** confidant Tony Smith contacted us to say that the band were unhappy with the entire proceedings. "It's become Sacred Alien's show rather than a festival, because the guy whose organising it, Warren Heighway, also happens to manage them! We're all in favour of a glam festival in principle. But the way things stand at the moment, we won't be appearing because it's merely a vehicle for one band. And let's face it, Sacred Alien aren't even glam-rock."

Following on from this, Smith informed us that he was attempting to organise a counter festival at London's Lyceum towards the end of March, with **TWISTED SISTER** headlining, and that the likes of **SILVERWING** and **CHINA ROGUE** were also pulling out of the Salford binge!

However, a slightly different picture emerged from the last two mentioned acts. Dave Roberts of Silverwing expressed some mild displeasure with exactly where his mob were going to be on the Salford bill, but confirmed that they would be playing the gig, whilst China Rogue also said they would play though they felt they "should be above all the other bands on the bill, cos we're a class better than all of 'em!" In the meantime, **CLOVEN HOOF** have told us that they've had to withdraw because of prior recording commitments.

So, having gathered all this crazy info, *Kerrang!* spoke to the aforementioned Mr. Heighway who immediately poured cold scorn on Tony Smith's allegations by pointing out that the latter had absolutely nothing to do with Wrathchild's management now, and that the band were DEFINITELY going to appear. As for Smith's accusation of bias towards Sacred Alien, Heighway dismissed this out of hand.

Just to round off the entire scenario, new Wraths manager Gay Marshall backed up Heighway, although she did add the proviso "there's no way we'll go on second (from bottom) as has been announced."

After all these claims and counter-claims, it's nice to just sit back and disseminate one cold, hard fact. The gig on March 18 has now been moved from the Salford Technical College to the nearby Salford Recreation Centre, owing to the great demand for tickets. As for the headlining act, nothing has yet been finalised, although the name of **HANOI ROCKS** does currently seem to curvy most favour.

Talking of glam-scum, one of the legends from the halcyon days of the seventies, **GARY GLITTER**, is back on the wagon with a nationwide tour.

FASTWAY, the band formed by **EDDIE CLARKE**, have now officially signed to CBS. Their first single, 'Easy Livin'/'Say What You Will' is to be issued on March 11 in both 7" and 12" forms. The former will have a limited edition poster bag, whilst the latter will boast an extra track in 'Far, Far From Home'. See feature in this very issue for more details.

FORMER Uriah Heep keyboardman **KEN HENSLEY** has temporarily joined up with those southern Metal

mavericks **BLACKFOOT**. The man is currently working with the band on their latest LP, set for April release and produced once more by Al Nalli. As yet no title has been announced for this project. The choice lies between simply calling it 'Blackfoot' or else coming up with a monicker that reflects this liaison between Britain (as represented by Hensley) and the States (as represented by Medlocke and co). Incidentally, among the songs featured therein will be 'White Man's Land', 'Teenage Idol', 'Going In Circles', titles that superficially at least indicate no change in Blackfoot's musical direction. As for touring, Hensley it has been confirmed will be going on the road with the band, but so far no plans have been laid for any UK visit.

SOMEONE HAS made an honest woman of **STEVIE NICKS**. Clad in one of her cosmic tablecloths, the singer married boyfriend **KIM ANDERSON** in a ceremony held – come on, this is Stevie! – by the edge of the sea at sunset, outside her US Marina del Rey home.

THOSE WHO'VE been saying **ERIC CLAPTON** is all fagged-out should take heart in the fact that his current US tour is being sponsored by the big business, *Camel* cigarettes. Seems it's just a coincidence that his new album's titled 'Money and Cigarettes'. And something to wash it down with: **TOM PETTY** and **THE HEARTBREAKERS'** US tour is being sponsored by the Mexican beer company, *Tecate*. Tastes better than the **WHO'S** bunch (they were backed by *Schlitz* booze on their last tour) or so we at *Kerrang!* reckon.

IRON MAIDEN have now added three more dates to their May tour: Birmingham, Odeon 22, Manchester, Apollo 24, London, Hammersmith Odeon 28. Because of the band's already heavy schedule, it is unlikely that any further concerts will be inserted.

PALLAS headline their first major UK tour to promote the 'Arrive Alive' LP: the dates are London, Marquee, March 11, Retford, Porterhouse 12, Manchester, Gallery 17, Coventry, General Wolfe 18, Dudley, JB's 19, London, Marquee 26.

THIN LIZZY have added yet more gigs to their 'farewell' tour: London, Hammersmith Odeon, March 12, Newcastle, City Hall 21, Bradford, St. Georges Hall 23, Birmingham, Odeon 28, Manchester, Apollo 29, St Austell, Coliseum 31. More dates are expected to be announced soon, including some in Ireland.

LIAISON play the following dates: London, Fulham Golden Lion March 14, Norwich, Theatre Royal 19, London, Kensington Ad Lib 31.

AIRBRIDGE, a progressive quartet from Norfolk, have gigs at London, Kensington Ad Lib March 31, and Norwich Theatre Royal April 9.

IQ appear at the Southampton, Polygon Rock Club on March 18.

DAGABAND have the following confirmed gigs: Castleford, Trades Club March 19, London, Polytechnic of Central London April 22.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND, whose latest LP, 'Somewhere In Afrika', has just been released by Bronze, play two nights at London's Dominion Theatre on April 13/14 at the end of their European tour. Tickets are now on sale, priced at £5.50/£5.00/£4.40.

MINOTAUR have the following dates confirmed: Stockport, Technical College March 18, Chorley, Joiners Arms April 3.

INCUBUS play the Exeter Duryard Halls on March 11.

SOLDIER have added the following gigs to those already announced in support of their 'Live Forces' cassette: Brampton, Fountain, March 16, Worcester, Waterside 17, Greenwich Mitre Tunnel 18, Gt. Yarmouth, Big Apple 19, Northampton, Five Bells 20.

OVERKILL play the Worcester Club on March 24.

ERIC CLAPTON returns to these shores in the wake of his recent 'Money & Cigarettes' album to play the following dates: Edinburgh, Playhouse, April 8/9, Newcastle, City Hall 11, Liverpool, Empire 12, St Austell, Coliseum, May 13, Poole, Arts Centre, 14. Ticket prices are £6.50/£5.50 at all concerts, excepting Poole, where only one price (£5.50) is available. It is expected that further dates will be announced shortly, including a major London appearance.

BLAST FROM THE FAST

EDDIE that is. Despite the departure of Pete Way, FASTWAY the band are still very much alive and on the verge of releasing their first single with an album to follow next month. Former 'head boy EDDIE CLARKE discusses matters hard and Fast with KERRANG! man NEIL JEFFRIES.

"THIS IS a fierce band man, VERY FIERCE. With Motorhead we used to say we were the nastiest band in the world. Well this is the FIERCEST band in the world. We play fierce rock 'n' roll."

"With all due respect to Peter (Way) . . . I think he must have had a brainstorm to leave this band."

So, contrary to reports in other parts of the popular music press, Fastway, the band formed by The Black Prince Of Powerchords, Fast/Fierce Eddie Clarke, is still very much alive . . . and kicking like you wouldn't believe!

They've got an album in the can, a deal with CBS and another with Manticore Management who are setting up a debut tour. Within a months' time the wraps will be off and everyone able to see that the wait has been worthwhile.

Continues page six





The two Eddies: Kramer (left) and Clarke.



(Left to right) Jerry Shirley, Eddie Clarke and Dave 'Treeman' King.

FASTWAY

New champions of British heavy rock?

From page 4

Talking to Eddie recently at the Townhouse Studios in Shepherds Bush whilst the final 'i' dotting and 't' crossing of the recordings went ahead in the number one studio control room behind us, his enthusiasm for and commitment to the band was plain to see. Over a late breakfast at 5pm (or perhaps it was early for the next day), he grins broadly as he tells of his new baby – Fastway. He's had his locks trimmed to just over shoulder length and he's bought himself a fur coat ("cos I figured every musician should go through a period when he has a fur coat... so I got one right?!"), but don't think for a minute that this wildman has been tamed. Oh no. Mr. Smirnoff and Mr. Carlsberg fear not – he's itching to get the wagon rolling once more, to get well and truly back in the saddle.

For the embryonic details of the band's formation refer to last September's *Kerrang!*, number 24, but a lot of water's gone under the bridge since then. Eddie picks up the story:

"In the interviews we did then we were telling people how we were going to find new talent for the band. ('We' of course being Eddie and Pete Way, since departed, but more on that later.) A new drummer and a young vocalist. So we put adverts in the paper and had a really good response – loads of replies, cassettes and letters. Me and Peter used to take a bag home every night, but we just couldn't come up with anything drummer-wise.

"Then this friend of Peter's suggested we try Jerry Shirley – who we'd both talked about when we first met. We'd spoken about Humble Pie and how good 'Performance' was, and it just so happened that this guy John Fiddler told Peter that Jerry wasn't doing anything, just living down in Farnham. So we phoned him up and drove down there, thinking 'this is great!' Pie had always been one of my favourite bands in the past."

Humble Pie came together in 1969 but were probably best known in the early seventies. Jerry was present in all the line-ups, as was the legendary ex-Small Faces singer Steve Marriott. The live-double 'Performance/Rockin' The Filmore' probably catches them at their best and, for further clues to their importance, witness Eddie's own appreciation of their ex-guitarists Peter Frampton and Dave Clempson.

They split for the first time in 1975. Jerry did various sessions

(eg. Sammy Hagar's first LP) then formed his own band, Natural Gas, three-quarters of which backed Elliot Murphy on an American tour before bringing in their own singer and guitarist to form Magnet, a short-lived outfit that folded just as Jerry got a call from Steve Marriott, who wanted to reform Humble Pie. The demos worked and two albums followed but the second didn't do so well. The band fell into debt. Mr. Marriott "got a bit wobbly" and the last straw came when every ounce of their gear was stolen. October '81 saw their final demise.

After six years in the States Jerry decided it was "time to go home. There was nothing happening there for me. I desperately wanted to move back to home base and start again."

Faced with the harsh realities of life and no suitable drumming work, he retired from the business and worked first as a pine furniture polisher, then a painter and decorator. It was at this point that a call came from Pete Way. Jerry continues...

"I had to be honest with them – after all those years in the States I really only knew them by reputation. I said: 'The next thing I get into I've got to feel really good about.' So we arranged a first rehearsal and that went very, very well. Things just progressed from there."

So with the drum stool occupied, back to Eddie for the next instalment:

"To keep up the promise of discovering new young talent, we had to persevere with trying to find a singer. Roy Aldridge at Chrysalis said it was impossible because he'd spent six months looking for one for Schenker, but then Pete came banging on my door one morning with some tapes out of his bag... 'we got three Robert Plants here', he said. One was from Sydney, Australia, doing 'Communication Breakdown' (it was fan-tas-tic, so much like the original with all the screams and everything, but a little over the top.) Another was from England (like a poor man's Robert Plant), and then there was this geezer Dave King."

"He wasn't really like Robert Plant, just singing in that sort of style... the high range voice. There were four really good tracks on this demo and I thought straight away – this geezer's good!! So I phoned up his friend's mother in Dublin and said: 'tell him to get on a plane and get over here!' We gave him a seven day audition, plenty of time, and three days rehearsal

where you couldn't tell whether he was gonna make good or not cos of all the noise! Then I booked Ramport Studio for four days straight after. We gave him all these licks and said: 'write something on them'... So he had to do all the lyrics and everything and he was amazing. We were sitting in the control room listening to the demos thinking he's really done it! I mean he was right on the money! He didn't f**k about either – he'd be doing them once, maybe twice, and that was it."

Talking to Dave after hearing just one of the tracks, it's tempting to ask where on earth he manages to hide such a big voice in his slight frame. He's a wiry lad who was just 20 when he posted the tape (though he's since celebrated his 21st in the recording studio with the band.) In his soft brogue, he explains his background:

"I was playing the clubs in Dublin. The Baggot Inn was about the biggest – it's like the *Marquee*. I had a couple of weeks singing with Mamas Boys but that didn't work out so I moved onto a little band called Stilwood (theirs was the demo he sent over.) It was funny, I was reading the *Kerrang!* interview one day, and then that night I got the telephone call from His Royal Highness here" (jerks a thumb at Mr. Clarke.)

Eddie grins then chips in the icing on the cake for this rags to riches-style tale:

"He apparently turned up at Motorhead's gig in Dublin last summer and came backstage for the autograph and chat. Now a year later he's in the studio showing me this song he's written on the guitar and I'm saying: 'Howzat go again?? It's great!!'"

Dave reckons he spent about three hours talking to Eddie but in time-honoured fashion the guitarist was too out of it to recall the occasion! "Never mind," he laughs, "it's still a nice story innit!?" In this particular tale, however, it's difficult, indeed, impossible to overlook the name of Pete Way. As you all must know by now, he left the band to play with Ozzy Osbourne on his British dates and hasn't returned. Now Eddie is the first to recognise the role Peter played in getting Fastway moving, but he's clearly upset and amazed that the guy could walk out on the band. Re-read those opening quotes! The bassman's departure might appear a major blow, but Eddie sees it in a more matter-of-fact light:

"Ozzy was trying to get Peter to join his band, cos UFO had been on tour with him in the States. What I didn't realise, though, was how much Peter wanted to play with Ozzy. I've since found out that Black Sabbath have always been his idols. I didn't realise he wanted to play with Ozzy that badly... that he'd actually leave this thing cos this is really cooking! It *really is!* But he did... he just didn't turn up at rehearsals one day. I haven't seen him since."

There were also other problems. The first record company to say yes was CBS but, because Peter was still tied up with Chrysalis (after UFO), they wanted to hold on to him. Eddie says they had plenty of opportunity to have their say but were never really positive until it was too late. Then they wanted to hold onto Pete at all costs and started being 'really unreasonable'. Clearly a frustrating time for Eddie...

"In the end I just said f**k it! I stormed down to their offices in my fur coat with a bottle of brandy in my hand. I looked like a gorilla, staggering around and threatening everyone. I can't remember a thing about it... wish I could actually cos it sounds really funny!"

Scholars of diplomacy watch this space.

With Pete gone, the highly respected session man Micky Feat was called in to handle bass. Jerry: "I think finding Micky was to the benefit of the band. I've worked with him before and he's probably one of the very best... very quick at picking up his parts, and very inventive. So it was almost a blessing in disguise. Frankly, the album's turned out rather well!"

Eddie: "He's a very, very accomplished bass player and extremely sought after, but we're hoping to negotiate something..."

Micky Feat, away in Europe when I spoke to Eddie and co, is primarily known as a session man, but he has worked within bonafide bands in the past. Fastway are quietly confident...

So, with the shrouds of mystery lifted, and the vinyl line-up at least divulged, the next question has got to be: what do the buggers sound like? One track, 'Feel Me, Touch Me' had already been aired as a mouth-watering taster, and could well turn out to be the single (in fact this hasn't proved the case. See *Mayhem!* for up-to-date news – Ed). Not exactly the Dooleys revisited, it's more in the 'No

Class/ZZZ Top vein. Eddie thinks this top-of-the-head assessment quite fair, explaining: "There's two or three straighthead boogie tunes like that and then there's some more 'serious' stuff. Ten tracks in all."

To get a better idea, we move back into the control room to hear some more playbacks. Eddie, Dave and Jerry lounge around on the desk for Denis The Lensman, then the tapes roll and ... POW!

All Eddie's old fans are going to be delighted to hear that his unmistakable guitar sound has returned with vengeance. Yet somehow with an extra dimension; there's so much more *width* to it now, Eddie going beyond the straight and narrow course he followed (so effectively) with Motorhead. He later confirmed: "I loved it in that band, but writing was a problem. It just got a little restricting." With Fastway he's getting the chance to show that he has a few more tricks up his sleeve.

The vocals are equally impressive. Young Dave belts it out without struggle in a voice reminiscent of top end Plant. He's a five-star natural who just has to be one of the finds in recent years. He's also added touches of acoustic guitar (Eddie reckons he never could get on with acoustics and, besides, there's his image to consider!!), which lend even more weight to the riff when it powers in on 'Another Day'. Dave: "They bought me an *Ovation* which was just beautiful – especially after the tin box I was used to!"

Then there's the powerhouse behind (and over the top of) the riffs: Jerry Shirley. Eddie has a theory that, because Jerry served his apprenticeship in times when well-miked kits were a thing of the future, he was forced to hit really hard just to be heard. Time and technology has not mellowed him and his thunderous approach provides exactly the water-tight backing a band as heavy as this one is going to need. "It feels really good to be back – just great!" He told me, and it certainly sounds like it.

As Eddie grins in delight and jumps around adding touches of imaginary drums and guitar, it's time to zoom in on the man with the second broadest smile in the room, producer Eddie Kramer – a legendary figure in the recording world whose list of credits reads like a Who's Who of rock. There's no way to measure his achievements in just a few lines, but go back and look at the small print on some of the Jimi Hendrix or Led Zeppelin sleeves (*not forgetting Kiss – Ed*) and you'll have a fair idea of the bearded man's pedigree. The band are clearly chuffed as hell to be allied with him and behind Fast Eddie's teasing and wise-cracking at the expense of this 'elderly gentleman' (!!!) lies an enormous respect. I ask the guitarist what he's like to work with ...

"Oh, he's great, very straight. He keeps an eye on me; I'm handcuffed to a couple of

Marshall stacks whenever there's any overdubs to be done!"

"He's allowed to do anything he wants *after* he's done his solos etc.," explains Kramer. "Up to that time he has to be a good boy." Though, by all accounts, the Fast one has managed to smuggle in the odd vodka and tonic under the guise of a *Perrier* with all the innocence of a choir-boy with a catapult in his back pocket.

The Fastway album is the first Eddie Kramer has worked on in his native England for about nine years. He's glad to be back ("... to bacon 'n' eggs and heavy rock 'n' roll!") and is much impressed by the group ... "The thing that's great about this band is that all the guys have *completely* different backgrounds, yet when they write together it's magic. For some reason it works beautifully."

Eddie Clarke: "It's really interesting having a drummer that writes. I think that makes it a bit like Zeppelin ... he can fill spaces in the music like Bonzo."

Kramer: "He has a really good sense of melody. He can play piano and guitar too."

Putting the Fastway story on hold for a while, let's turn our attention to The Split? The Plasmatics link up that prompted Eddie's departure from Motorhead is one he feels strongly about still ...

"The Wendy O. Williams thing was an *obvious* blunder and I wasn't having any of it. I didn't really want to leave Motorhead, I hadn't planned it that way, but it was just one of those things where you had to draw the line somewhere. I thought if this is the way we're going, then I'm *never* going to reach my pinnacle of musical achievement. Hell! I'm not talking about being remembered in 'Rock History' or anything, but I do want to make an album that I can be really proud of – like 'Ace Of Spades'. I thought that was good, I *liked* that album, but the 'Iron Fist' LP pissed me off a lot. I ended up having to produce it cos we fell out with Vic Maile and couldn't find a replacement. Lemmy wasn't really together enough, either, considering it was the follow up to a number one album. And the stage-show was a little over the top, a bit naff, what with coming down from the roof, etc ..."

But what about that sunny afternoon at the Reading Festival last August when you and Lemmy came together to jam with Pete Way and Twisted Sister?

"Well, me and Peter turned up – it had been sort of semi-arranged, we knew there'd be guitars tuned and amps spare – then I looked around and there was Lemmy trying to nick Peter's bass! (laughs) And then he stuck the nut on me on stage! I was gonna drop him for that but I was more interested in Twisted Sister at that point ..."

He chuckles and admits that he shouldn't really slag Lemmy, though Lemmy always slags *him*

... then suddenly he's more serious:

"We'd become such great friends, the three of us, but we just couldn't resolve the Wendy O. Williams thing. It just would not go away, and I wouldn't allow it to happen at what I saw was my expense. I'd spent six-and-a-half years in Motorhead and I saw that as a step backwards. I was into doing the thing, but I wanted it to be different, done with a bit of class. It wasn't easy with Wendy to get a bit of class into it, but it *could* have been done. Lemmy just wasn't prepared to try. It was a shame."

"The Reading jam was kind of nice, though. In the beer tent beforehand, Lemmy saw me then sorta looked away, but afterwards the two of us went out and met some of the fans which was nice. Six-and-a-half years is a long time in your life ..."

"I still see Lemmy occasionally and I talk to him, buy him a drink ... and Phil. Lemmy's a lovely geezer – I know he's annoyed, but there's still a very strong friendship there. Sometimes the warmth shows through."

And the final word?

"We had a good run. We were unique. I always felt we were front-runners ... and we got long hair back in the business!"

But back to the business in hand. Copies of Fastway's debut single should be on their way to the shops even as you read this. The 12" version will probably contain a bonus blues jam recorded one night after the band had returned from the pub ("we want to call it 'Treeman Blues' after Dave 'Treeman' King ... he counted us in once in the studio: 'one, two, *tree*, four', we just fell about") while the album, likely to

be called 'Fastway' as Eddie's suggestion of 'Me And These Three Geezers' doesn't *quite* have the desired ring, shouldn't be far behind and will be promoted by a tour. Eddie's adamant they'll play "proper venues" so that people can see it's a *serious* band. Plus, he has the fans' interests at heart:

"I'm sure there's a lot of kids out there who remember me from Motorhead and will want to see the new band. I don't want them not to get in cos I'm busy going back to my roots and playing the clubs. I've always thought that's really a bum thing to do; it's better to play an Odeon or something."

What a gentleman this chap is! Away from the stage and that time-honoured gritted-teeth, narrow-eyed stance, there's a quieter, friendly man who'll talk passionately about carp fishing with his friend who writes 'The Professionals' scripts and will invite his builder into the studios to see and hear what goes on. Yet simmering away beneath all this there lurks a character itching to get out and deliver the mayhem with his new band. An exciting prospect.

Fastway could well prove the new champions British heavy rock is crying out for. They've the perfect blend of experience, talent and enthusiasm, and have already overcome a succession of problems to finish the album only four weeks late.

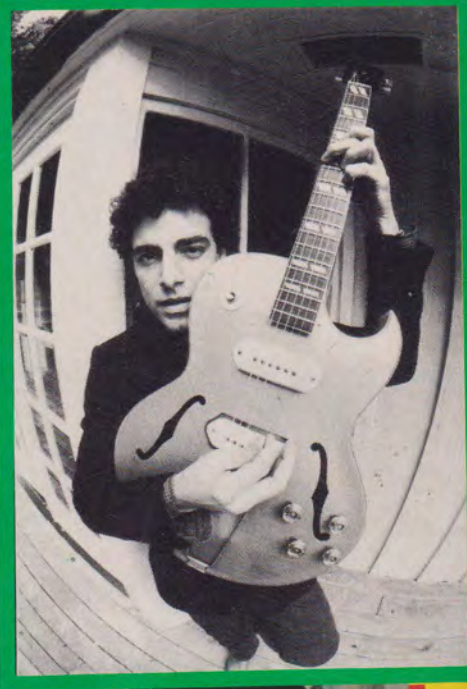
As the last echoes of 'Another Day' fade away in the control room, Eddie grins and laughs an evil cackle ... "Fierce band! FIERCE BAND!!" He's absolutely right.



NEAL SCHON (JOURNEY)

COULD THIS be the year Journey finally break big in the UK? With their latest album, 'Frontiers', having crashed into the LP charts at an astonishing number six, it certainly seems that the band have planted the seeds for stardom.

The big question now is – will they tour Britain this year? As yet no definite plans are in hand, but the unofficial word is that a September visit MIGHT be on the cards which, if it went ahead, would provide UK fans with their first (live) glimpse of guitarist Neal Schon and co since 1981. However, if previous leaked 'secrets' on mega-US acts and their Brit touring plans are anything to go by, don't hold your breath in anticipation. MALCOLM DOME



MITCHELL FROOM AND RONNIE MONTROSE



ALTHOUGH NO official announcement has ever been made, Gamma – the band put together by guitarist Ronnie Montrose – decided to call it a day soon after their European dates with Foreigner last Spring. Finding the latter a "hideous entity" to work with, Ronnie quit the tour early and, after seeing drummer Denny Carmassi go off to join Heart, set about formulating a new, radically different, project with keyboardist Mitchell Froom,

That project is now well advanced and Ronnie and Mitchell should soon be hitting the road under a 'live with computers' banner i.e. just guitar and synth onstage and all other instruments (and lightshow) under computer control. The computer programme being a flexible one, the two will have plenty of room for individual, spontaneous manoeuvre and be able to both summon up and mix a full rock sound, occasionally complemented by scat or Vocoder vocals, making it possible for every gig to be recorded and albums produced without resort to the studio proper! DANTE BONUTTO

LIPSTICK ACES!

Pic by Ray Palmer



ROX: (left to right) Paul Diamond, Kevin Kozak, Red Hot Red, Billy Beaman, Bernie Emerald

CONTRARY TO popular prejudice, Manchester is the home of glitter and glamour, of lights and lip-gloss, of teenage queens and trash-can boys!! Who says so? Rox say so, that's who, and while you may have been led astray by others vaunting Kiss-lookalikes Cloven Hoof or the supremely silly Sacred Alien, it is without a doubt this five-piece outfit of self-styled 'hyped-up hot shotz' who've hit the proverbial nail spot on the glam head and buried all other competition under the weight of their 'just so' image and instant pop/Metal imagination.

Rox's vinyl output is so far limited to last year's EP featuring 'Hot Love In The City', 'Do Ya Feel Like Lovin'?' and 'Love Ya Like A Diamond', three tracks displaying a depth of songwriting talent and an understanding of glam rock principles I'd seen but sporadically in other outfits touting themselves as glam exponents. And forthcoming demos proved there was plenty more inspirational pop/rock buried within these particular Rox. Manchester called!

Despite the fact that I consider this band to be far and away the most potentially stimulating glam troupe, they're certainly not

without their problems. A case in point. I am standing in a distinctly unfriendly room where Rox are preparing to go through their traditional Sunday workout for my benefit – or are they? The ice cold atmosphere dampens the band's enthusiasm and after a shambolic run-through of some potentially classic songs (about four of them), a halt is called and a move to the pub in order. Now that's not my idea of commitment from a band determined to get to the top. What did they have to say to that? Guitarist Red-Hot Red:

"It's getting really boring just now 'cos we're rehearsing all the time with nothing happening. Rehearsing for gigs is OK but we've had nothing to aim for recently. The size of our show and the cost of putting it on is really limiting, which is terribly frustrating because we've written loads of good new songs recently."

Cutting the band's own throat by not gigging without the full stage set-up displays an admirable dedication to the glam cause, but it can't be easy. Drummer Bernie Emerald nods in agreement:

"A lot of people have said that we don't want to do gigs but that's a fallacy. We just don't want to play pubs because that means cutting our show down a lot. We'd have to hire a van and a

PA and we feel the money's a waste if Rox isn't presented as it really is."

And what is that? Vocalist Kevin 'Kick Ass' Kozak is without a doubt the man most heavily into the overall glam-slam concept:

"The image is as important as the music and we want people to come down and have a laugh with us. The whole idea has got to be serious to a point and I believe in what I'm doing, but you have to have some fun!"

Without wishing to be too cruel, I press the point that Rox might be regarded as nothing more than a joke.

"I agree with everything that's been said about our lack of live appearances," nods Red, "but we haven't jumped on any bandwagon. We've always tried to be glam, even if our first incarnation, Venom, was really ridiculous and corny! We think we have our image down perfectly now and at least we haven't got the skeleton in the cupboard of wearing bow-ties, and playing Hendrix covers as Sacred Alien have!"

Such venom towards said glamsters stems from the proposed glam festival in Salford on March 18.

"We were asked to play but Sacred Alien demanded they go on above us, Wrathchild and Cloven Hoof. And we've had far more press than they have!"

"They've got a bloody cheek," says Kick Ass. "In their *Kerrang!* feature they even said they'd played with us which is a blatant lie!"

"The festival will probably be chaos. There are just too many bands playing," adds Billy Beaman, bassist and new Rox member. Gary Maunsell, who plays on the single, made way as Billy explains:

"I'd been in the road crew beforehand and had also played with a band called Lipstick Killers. The thing is Gary was more interested in football than music. He couldn't get into the image at all. He kept cancelling rehearsals and turned up once simply to announce that he was quitting. I couldn't wait to join!"

Billy certainly complements the Rox image, coming on as a pouting cross between the demented Lips and the macho Rhett Forrester. When you see the band now, I'll wager that, visually, you won't be disappointed – and if you live in the Granada TV region, you should get a chance to catch Rox on the box. Guitarist Paul Diamond explains:

"We sent a single to Granada and then recorded 'Hot On Your Trax' and 'Hard As Rox' for a programme called 'Granada Reports'. That'll give you an idea of where Rox is at right now."

HOWARD JOHNSON

The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

- 1 1 COLD SWEAT Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)
- 2 2 HE KNOWS, YOU KNOW Marillion (EMI)
- 3 3 AFRICA Toto (CBS)
- 4 4 PHOTOGRAPH Def Leppard (Mercury)
- 5 5 SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
- 6 — TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART Bonnie Tyler (CBS)
- 7 6 YOUR LOVE IS DRIVING ME CRAZY Sammy Hagar (Geffen)
- 8 7 ON THE LOOSE Saga (Portrait)
- 9 11 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion (EMI)
- 10 — FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU Gary Moore (Virgin)
- 11 5 SILVER MACHINE Hawkwind (United Artists)
- 12 — MY ANGEL Rock Goddess (A&M)
- 13 9 LOVE HURTS E.P. Nazareth (NEMS International)
- 14 28 EVERYBODY WANTS YOU Billy Squier (Capitol)
- 15 18 GAMES Nazareth (NEMS International)



- 16 — NEEDLE IN THE GROOVE Mama's Boys (Ultra-Noise)
- 17 13 CAROLINE LIVE (AT THE N.E.C.) Status Quo (Vertigo)
- 18 17 ALL RIGHT NOW Free (Island)
- 19 — YOUR LAST CHANCE E.P. Various (Flickknife)
- 20 8 HAND TO HOLD ONTO/HURTS SO GOOD John Cougar (Riva)
- 21 16 CRASH BANG WALLOP Raven (Neat)
- 22 14 HERE I GO AGAIN Whitesnake (Liberty)
- 23 20 THE WANDERER Fist (Neat)
- 24 19 (THAT'S RIGHT) TALKIN' 'BOUT ROCK 'N' ROLL Spider (RCA)
- 25 15 KILLER Kiss (Casablanca)
- 26 12 SYMPTOM OF THE UNIVERSE Ozzy Osbourne (Jet)
- 27 23 FAST BIKES Le Griffe (Neon)
- 28 — SHAME ON THE MOON Bob Seger (Capitol)
- 29 21 HEAVY METAL ROCK 'N' ROLL Rock Goddess (A&M)
- 30 22 EYE OF THE TIGER Survivor (Scotti Brothers)

Compiled by MRIB

ALBUMS

Pic: Chris Walter



- 1 — FRONTIERS Journey (CBS)
- 2 2 MAKING CONTACT UFO (Chrysalis)
- 3 3 LIVE EVIL Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
- 4 18 NEVER SURRENDER Triumph (RCA)
- 5 14 HEAVY Various (K-Tel)
- 6 27 TOTO IV Toto (CBS)
- 7 3 RECORDS Foreigner (Atlantic)
- 8 6 CODA Led Zeppelin (Swansong)
- 9 17 GET NERVOUS Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
- 10 11 WORLDS APART Saga (Portrait)
- 11 — THE SINGLES Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)
- 12 4 THREE LOCK BOX Sammy Hagar (Geffen)
- 13 21 IN FLIGHT MOVIE Starfighters (Jive)
- 14 5 "FROM THE MAKERS OF ..." Status Quo (Vertigo)
- 15 10 THE DISTANCE Bob Seger (Capitol)
- 16 7 HUGHES/THRALL Hughes & Thrall (Epic)
- 17 22 TIME TO TURN Eloy (HM Worldwide)
- 18 16 RACING TIME Santers (HM Worldwide)
- 19 — WHAT'S WORDS WORTH Motorhead (Big Beat)
- 20 — SELF DESTRUCTION BLUES Hanoi Rocks (Johanna)
- 21 9 SAINTS AND SINNERS Whitesnake (Liberty)
- 22 20 2 X S Nazareth (NEMS International)
- 23 — STRANGE BREW - THE VERY BEST OF CREAM Cream (RSO)
- 24 38 SINK YOUR TEETH INTO THAT Talas (Food For Thought)
- 25 15 DEATH PENALTY Witchfinder General (HM)
- 26 8 LEAVES IN THE WIND Paul Kossoff (Street Tunes)
- 27 19 TALK OF THE DEVIL Ozzy Osbourne (Jet)
- 28 23 HERE TO STAY Neal Schon & Jan Hammer (Columbia import)
- 29 — ARRIVE ALIVE Pallas (Cool King import)
- 30 13 FLAT OUT Buck Dharma (Portrait)
- 31 31 RESTLESS AND WILD Accept (CNR import)
- 32 — FACT OR FICTION Twelfth Night (Twelfth Night)
- 33 25 LONESOME CROW Scorpions (HM Worldwide)
- 34 — GUITAR WARS Various (CBS)
- 35 24 BLACK METAL Venom (Neat)
- 36 12 READING LIVE - VOLUME 1 Various (Mean)
- 37 26 TURN IT LOUD Headpins (Atco)
- 38 — POWER IN FUSION Trance (Rockport import)
- 39 29 TANÉ CAIN Tané Cain (RCA import)
- 40 37 LIVE Riot (Elektra import)

Compiled by MRIB

LOCAL CHART

- 1 THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES E.F. Band, from 'Deep Cut' (Ewita Import)
- 2 TEST OF TIME, Samson, from 'A Little Bit Of Light Relief' (Polydor)
- 3 TOO MUCH THINKING, Triumph, from 'Never Surrender' (Attic Import)
- 4 SUBDIVISIONS, Rush, from 'Signals' (Mercury)
- 5 THE WIND CRIES MARY, Jimi Hendrix, from 'The Singles Album' (Polydor)
- 6 BLEEDING STREETS, Heavy Load, from 'Death Or Glory' (Thunderload)
- 7 E5150/NEON KNIGHTS, Black Sabbath, 'Live Evil' (Vertigo)
- 8 STONE DEAD FOREVER, Motorhead, 'Bomber' (Bronze)
- 9 POOR TOM, Led Zeppelin, 'Coda' (Swansong)
- 10 FIRST STEP OF LOVE, Hughes/Thrall, 'Hughes Thrall' (Epic)

Compiled by Peter Dixon, DJ for the Arts and Live Music Association, c/o 70 Gordon Road, South Shields, Tyne & Wear.

IMPORT ALBUMS

- 1 HERE TO STAY Neal Schon & Jan Hammer (Columbia)
- 2 ARRIVE ALIVE Pallas (Cool King)
- 3 RESTLESS AND WILD Accept (CNR)
- 4 POWER IN FUSION Trance (Rockport)
- 5 TANÉ CAIN Tané Cain (RCA)
- 6 LIVE Riot (Elektra)
- 7 GREAT WHITE Great White (Aegean)
- 8 DAWN PATROL Nightranger (Boardwalk)
- 9 NO DIRECTION HOME Nantucket (RCA)
- 10 MINI-LP Kim Mitchell (Anthem)

Compiled by MRIB

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PALLAS 'Arrive Alive' (Cool King Records)

WHEN THIS album was originally released in extended cassette form on the band's own 'Granite Wax' label, I waxed lyrically about the band's potential class. As live tapes go it was something of a gem, quite a collector's piece.

Now, on the verge of a major record deal, the band seem to be in a dilemma, having an album's worth of material on a limited-edition cassette while at the same time planning to start their recording career proper with an already written concept album based on the legend of Atlantis. In a bid to fill the gap this new, truncated 'Arrive Alive' serves merely as a musical 'Milky Way', a filler between albums without spoiling your appetite.

Re-mixed without 'Flashpoint' or '5 to 4', the LP has unfortunately launched Pallas' vinyl career with more of a whimper than a bang. How much better it would have been to let the live album sit on the shelf until after the much-vaunted 'Atlantis' venture and then release it from the archives. But, at the same time, it's hard for a record so representative of the band's live show to be held back from fans not fortunate enough to get hold of the original cassette. It's clearly a problem and one that was bound to lead to Pallas incurring a

degree of flack, so on to the music.

The one welcome aspect of this package is the inclusion of the band's uncharacteristic yet potent debut single 'Arrive Alive' which, despite being the title of the original cassette, was never included on it. Being the only studio track, it *does* sound slightly at odds with the rest of the album but it ties in well with the 'story so far' packaging. Completing side one we have 'Queen Of The Deep' and a song that supposedly has pride of place on Maggie Thatcher's turntable, 'Heart Attack', a little ditty about what people who play with Action Man dolls do when they grow up into big boys.

Well, in pride of place on my turntable at the moment is side two's opener, 'Crown Of Thorns', a song with even more tear-jerking power than Steven Spielberg's bug-eyed buddy from outer space. Graeme Murray's choir-boy style vocals sound decidedly angelic next to Euan Lowson's depraved, self-proclaimed alter ego which surfaces on 'The Ripper', during which he tries to do his best Robert Plant impersonations but comes across like a demented mass murderer.

After all is said and done, 'Arrive Alive' is a very good album but it would have been better still if Pallas had waited and given it away free with copies of 'Atlantis'.
GEOFF BANKS

HEAVY LOAD 'Death or Glory' (Thunderload)

IF THE accompanying biog is reliable then Heavy Load are the hottest Heavy Metal property in the land of Saabs and Abba - Sweden that is. Hotter even than 'Renegade', 'Behemoth' and 'Stitch' (I), with their first release out-selling AC/DC and Black Sabbath for nine weeks in 1981.

'Death or Glory' is their second offering and comes wonderfully packaged in a sort of By Tor meets Polar Bear cover. Turn it over and you're assaulted by a dozen photos of lights, smoke, hair and muscle. It's just a shame this lot aren't Norwegian because then I could make loads of quips about mythology and the Hammer of Thor... I will mention it in passing, though, because it seems apt.

Drummer Styrbjorn Wahlquist thunders his way through the nine tracks here dressed as a Viking warrior, while his brother Ragine prefers a flying-V as his battle axe and presumably provides the rhythm half of the twin attack completed by the more suave Eddy Maln. Consolidating the Richter scale poundings is bassist Torbjorn Rhenesjo who comes across like a sort of up-dated Viking commando.

In keeping with all this imagery the music is ultra Heavy Metal - blistering guitar breaks and bludgeon riffola gone made. It's a great thing too because, for the life of me, I can't think of any band that sounds like this today. Albums of this type and quality apparently went out after Priest ditched HM for S&M, i.e. not since 'Sad Wings Of Destiny' has anyone played quite like this.

Yet there is a subtle difference - the vocals. These, being frequently echoed/harmonised, create an almost choral effect, very Wagnerian, conjuring up images of long-haired hoards gathered on mountain tops holding flaming torches aloft, whilst back in the valley women and children huddle together watching the 'Daybreak Ecstasy', title of the closing track.

Titles like 'Heavy Metal Angels (In Metal And Leather)' or 'Might For Right' say it all really. Terribly clichéd but the delivery is so powerful that Heavy Load just manage to pull it off. Anybody still not convinced should check out the chorus on 'The Guitar Is My Sword' - 'The guitar is my sword, I'll fight till I die, rock 'n' roll is my Lord, to the very last sigh'. Not for wimps.

NEIL JEFFRIES

JIMI HENDRIX 'The Singles Album' (Polydor Select Double)

IT WAS the summer of '67 and 'The Wind Cries Mary' was the latest song by Jimi Hendrix to float into the chart 'midst a waft of incense and a rustle of caftans. It was a beautiful, unexpected piece by the guitarist who held the populace in awe with his wild image. Jimi had taken the music scene by storm since his arrival in London only a few months earlier. But what was he like - this fierce-looking young American with the flaming guitar and frizzed-out hair?

At his flat in Marble Arch, I found a cheerful, affable host who lay sprawled across the floor on cushions listening intently to the Beatles' 'Sgt. Pepper'. It was typical of Jimi that 'Pepper' excited his interest more than his own records which I was so keen to discuss. Jimi was proud of the music he was creating with Mitch and Noel, but he wanted to get on with the next project in a ceaseless quest for new ideas, so typical of the times. You can judge his success rate on this compilation of A and B sides from the golden years.

All aspects of his abilities, as guitarist, singer, poet and producer are open to inspection from the raw funk of 'Hey Joe' and 'Purple Haze' through to the melodrama of 'Burning Of The Midnight Lamp' and the fantasy of 'The Stars That Play With Laughing Sam's Dice'. Here are the ear-catching intros and the passionate dialogues between guitar and voice.

These recordings don't date because they were streets ahead from the start. This is the way the public were introduced to the Experience that hot summer long ago, in a succession of songs that managed to be both innovative and hits! For new generations, who know Hendrix only as a name from the past, there can be no better way of sampling the music that was the backbone behind the legend.

CHRIS WELCH

ACID 'Acid' (Giant 6711 Import)

'WE WANT to present you a large wall of sound/But also we warn you you're dead when you're found' (Acid)

As those brutal body-blow babbings above suggest, this isn't a prog-rock outfit whose monicker tells of drug-induced euphoria, but rather a smash-and-grab coven of satanic metallurgists, who rock right off their hinges. The only Acid this Belgian quintet drop is of the concentrated sulphuric variety and, believe me, hell-pals, it BURNS.

If you're not actually attuned to blurring bludgeon, then perhaps you'll find 'Acid' hard to take, cos throughout the 10 titles present there's nary a sensitive chord struck, or even the merest hint of balladry. This is a merciless crate of cataclysmic cravings. The lead guitar of the aptly-named Demon is fused into a concussive tirade with the simple yet cruelly cramping rhythm axe of the wonderfully dubbed Dizzy Lizzy.

Anvil's drums really know only two speeds - fast and hyper-fast - and the vocals of the lusty leather dominatrix Kate are harshly tearing.

Indeed, the sole reason this lot have failed to come up with an absolutely genocidal album is down to the production, which is too shallow and deadpan for the style of material laid bare on the rails. But, even so, at worst, songs like 'Ghostriders' and 'Anvil' are moronically enjoyable, whilst when the band break through the sound problems they produce a maniacal malevolence redolent of early Priest/Maiden/Motorhead.

The savage likes of 'Hooked On Metal', 'Hell On Wheels', and 'Five Day's Hell' should have even Venom quaking in their coffins with admiration.

MALCOLM DOME

More reviews on page 14

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BLIZZARD OF OZZ	—	3	1	4	—	1	2	3
BLUE OYSTER CULT	3	4	1	3	—	1	—	—
DEEP PURPLE	4	5	2	4	—	—	—	1
DONINGTON	—	1	—	2	—	—	1	1
GENESIS	5	5	1	5	—	1	1	1
GILLAN	2	5	—	6	—	1	2	3
HAWKWIND	9	7	3	6	—	1	1	3
HENDRIX	1	1	—	1	—	—	—	1
JUDAS PRIEST	3	8	1	5	1	1	1	1
KISS	7	8	4	8	1	1	—	1
LED ZEP	6	8	2	10	1	1	—	—
SKYNYRD	4	1	1	2	—	—	—	—
MOTORHEAD	12	12	4	14	2	3	2	5
M.S.G.	1	5	—	5	—	1	1	1
PINK FLOYD	5	5	3	3	—	1	1	1
QUEEN	14	4	3	5	—	1	1	1
RAINBOW	6	8	2	6	1	2	2	2
ROLLING STONES	5	4	2	3	—	1	—	1
RUSH	7	8	2	8	1	1	1	3
SAXON	3	8	2	6	1	2	1	2
SCORPIONS	4	6	1	4	1	1	1	2
STATUS QUO	10	6	3	9	1	1	1	2
THIN LIZZY	12	5	2	5	—	1	1	1
U.F.O.	4	6	1	3	—	2	2	2
WHITESNAKE	6	8	2	4	2	1	1	1
YES	9	2	2	2	—	1	—	1
KROKUS	—	3	—	4	—	1	1	2

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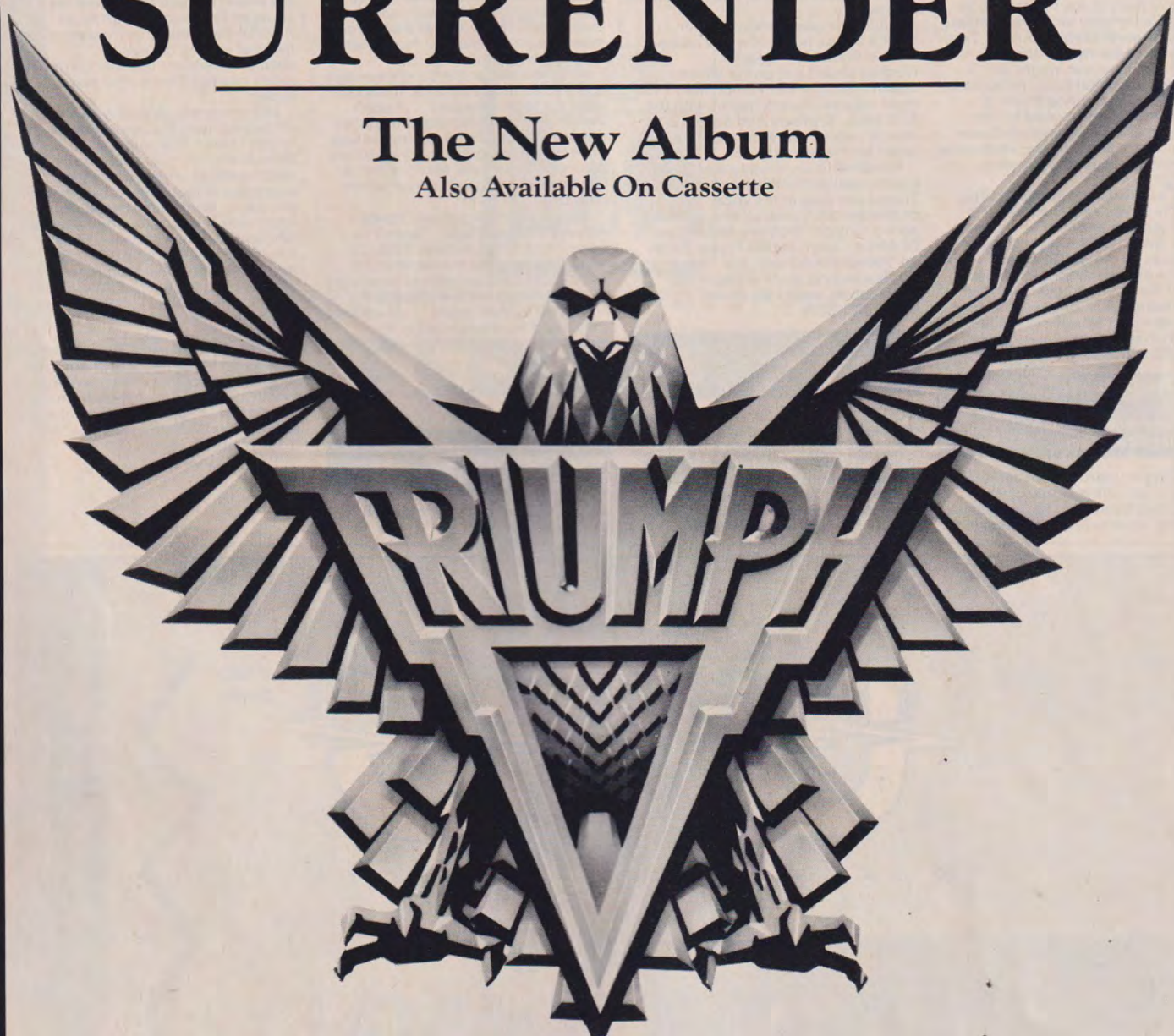
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VARIOUS ARTISTES 'A Little Bit Of Light Relief' (Polydor Rock 2)

IT'S HARD to justify compilations of this nature, which tout bands belonging to one particular stable. Even the companies themselves must realise that they're on to a loser in these recession bedevilled times. There's simply not enough cash available for punters to treat themselves to tasters of a variety of bands. 'Go for what you know', is the rock buyer's motto and notoriously conservative as punters are at the best of times, there is little hope for 'ALBOL'.

What is there to say? 11 tracks, 11 acts and in honesty only five numbers which are worth cashing out for. Take good note of Benny Mardones, though, an American singer with a five-piece band that oozes potential on 'I'm Not Gonna Cry Any More', a Bobby David song covered by the sorely-missed Canadian stars Teaze and handled perfectly here, keyboards complementing guitars in a tasty marriage.

A 11 Z's only decent song, 'I'm The One Who Loves You' is a true Russ Ballard stunner and the Pat Travers Band's 'Snortin' Whiskey' comes up trumps, as do the well-known numbers by Girlschool and Samson, namely 'Don't Call It Love' and 'Test Of Time' respectively. But, these tracks aside, we might as well read 'filler' instead of 'sampler'.

HOWARD JOHNSON

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND 'Somewhere in Afrika' (Bronze Bron 543)

LET ME lay my cards on the table from the word 'go': the majority of you simply aren't going to like this release. However, anyone who has managed

to keep up with Manfred Mann's shifting perspective and preoccupations over the years will be pleased to see this album continuing the adventurous and experimental tack employed on the previous LP 'Chance', released in 1980.

'Somewhere In Afrika' is whole basis is esoteric in the extreme. The entire second side is taken up by African music contained in three tracks; the 'Africa Suite', Bob Marley's 'Redemption Song' and the title track, each incorporating illicit tribal recordings from native Africans and adding up to a complex and demanding aural tapestry, a moving and powerful statement on the plight of many of the inhabitants of Southern Africa.

While side one has mostly non-MMEB songs, some of which come off ('Tribal Statistics', 'Eyes Of Nostradamus') and one of which doesn't (Sting's 'Demolition Man'), the main volume of work begins with the final track, 'Brothers And Sisters Of Azania', which serves as a curtain-raiser for the second side.

Needless to say the keyboards are their usual distinctive force and Chris Thompson rises to the vocal challenges with passion and aplomb, particularly on 'Brothers And Sisters Of Africa'; listen out for Trevor Rabin on 'Redemption Song', too.

A fascinating study of depth and imagination, need I say more?

DAVE DICKSON

HERITAGE 'Remorse Code' (Rondelet).

MORE THAN sorely tempted to assess the merits of this record in the manner and scope of Dave Dickson's Utopia review, it occurs to me that that would be almost as big a waste of time as morse-code itself. Nope there are important lessons to be learned from this, for Heritage and all up and

coming Armed and Ready bands. There is absolutely *no* way that I wanted to slag this record, to kick a young band in the teeth, in fact it's probably because they are so young that this happened.

The entire thing was made in 'record time . . . one week'. It's not hard to tell . . . the good ideas on show are so mixed in with the bad and the ugly that the overall impression is dreadful.

They could do with one good vocalist instead of three mediocre ones here. *Occasionally* the harmonizing comes together well enough to remind me of Wishbone Ash (as on 'Endless Flight'). The two guitarists do *sometimes* reproduce the searing guitar battles that their biog speaks of. Several of the riffs are interesting but generally there is very little *originality* to be heard.

As hinted earlier the band's average age is just a little over 20 so miracles were not to be expected. . . I *don't* expect them. The saddest thing is the guys have probably done themselves more harm than good by trying to run before they can walk. Much better at this stage in *any* bands career would have been just an EP.

They could have put out 'Attack Attack', 'Endless Flight', 'Need You Today' and 'Strange Place To Be'. It would not have set the world alight but it could have got people interested in their strong points without being scared off by their faults . . . faults that they could have corrected in due course - if they had only been prepared to wait.

Meanwhile, put this one down to experience fellas. I wish you luck.

NEIL JEFFRIES.

MOTORHEAD 'What's Words Worth?' (Big Beat NED 2)

AH, MOTORHEAD . . . or maybe I should proclaim

AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHH, MOTORHEAD!!!! Who'd have thought that one day, this band would become the subject of tear-caked nostalgia. But with Lemmy and 'Philthy' recruiting Brian Robertson, and apparently turning into (ulp) an AOR-style group, and with 'Fast' Eddie shearing off his locks and joining the Sensible Party, the days of the 'loud, bad, and proud' trio are rapidly becoming mere history.

'What's Words Worth' harps back to such halcyon times, though. Recorded in 1978 at the Roundhouse, when the band appeared under the dodgy handle of 'Iron Fist & The Hordes From Hell', you'd expect it to recreate the era when this lot transformed the shout of 'Is it loud enough for ya?' from empty rhetoric into a warcry for those of us who believed decibels was the only currency worth having! That's what you'd expect . . .

Unfortunately, this is an abysmal embarrassment that really deserved to stay buried. The sound is threadbare, the mix is tinny and rusty, and the whole project has distinct overtones of that 'Live At Last' fiasco - you know, throw out a cheapo live effort simply to make some easy cash whatever the musical value of the vinyl contents. The sole difference is that, unlike the Sabs, Motorhead have already released the ULTIMATE live album in 'No Sleep . . .', which is in an altogether different bracket to this pile of junk.

However, for those who feel their lives won't be complete without it, let me just mention that 'What's Words Worth' contains seven titles from the band's first LP, plus 'City Kids' (the flip side of their 'Motorhead' single) and 'Leavin' Here'.

MALCOLM DOME



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WAY OF THE WAYSTED!

WHEN THIS illustrious organ approached me to do an interview with Pete Way, I thought yours truly was being set up as a victim of some fiendish prank of Halfin origins. And when the Pyromaniac of the Press, Baron Bonutto, announced that Way had signed a deal with Chrysalis and already had a band together it seemed too organised to be true for the likes of him. Perplexed by my response, Emperor of X-S, BB, questioned my shocked reaction.

I explained that, Way's already dubious history aside, it seemed not so long ago he was with 'Fast' Eddie Clarke and just a matter of weeks ago a part of the Ozzy entourage. In addition to which, everything the Valhalla of Vernacular, BB, had told me sounded like a total contradiction of the man I'd first met in a toilet cubicle at a Rush reception a few years ago.

But the main reason for my shocked reaction was the vision of myself and Way together in a working situation. This news was enough to reduce even the most hardened cynic to a wobbling mound of jelly due to excessive chortling. Both of us, y'see, have reputations that leave a lot to be desired, our general lack of credibility and untogetherness making us a potentially lethal combination. No wonder we got on so famously...

Admittedly it took four abortive attempts before the interview actually transpired (*I know, I know - BB*) but overall the whole thing was executed in a remarkably professional manner.

Looking pale and flustered after an early morning photo session with Halfin, an otherwise vibrant Way arrived accompanied by an equally enthusiastic Paul Raymond. The pair looked like an HM equivalent of Keef 'n' Ron - with make-up

now smudged, they could have been a couple of Rent Boys from Piccadilly's notorious Meat Rack or even a pair of off-duty transvestites. We stumbled and loped up to the nearest pub in a gangly fashion whereupon the two proceeded to unfurl the masterplan for Waysted - the new group's tentative monicker.

With the wallet and confidence of Chrysalis to back him up, Way has assumed this new found responsibility with surprising calm and cool. In fact the man positively exudes the confidence and aggression of a leader, having gathered around him a band featuring two unknowns as well as Raymond and Frank Noon, a drummer with a hot reputation on the late, now extinct NWOBHM circuit.

Visually the group are great, with Keef-like coiffures and totally wasted/gaunt visages that instantly bring the word degenerate to mind. They all look like seasoned casualties and you can foresee the amount of havoc they're going to create once unleashed on the road.

By now I was extremely eager to hear the results of a recording session they'd done at a friends' makeshift four-track studio, so Way eagerly strapped some headphones on my bonce and I sat there expecting the worst. The name of the programmed track was 'Love Loaded', and I suddenly found myself being bombarded by a volley of powerchords, a sound that almost welded the headphones to my unsuspecting lobes. This was HEAVY - the axe attack comprising some mesmerising chords which came across like a chorus of chainsaws, while the vocals had a gruff, primeval feel reminiscent of Dan McCafferty, though making the Nazareth crooner sound like the proverbial

choirboy. This was certainly the heaviest thing I'd encountered in aeons reminding me of my favourite track of all time, 'Ascension Day' by Third World War who, until then, I'd regarded as the ultimate in HM.

The Heavy Metal I'd been weaned on was loud and unacceptable to the ears of anyone who wasn't a fan. The prime stuff usually consisted of thunderous riffs, indecipherable chants and was generally a joyous celebration of brainless fun. This was it!

Ears now cauliflowered and hair permed by this senses-shattering assault on my cerebral zone, I was finally convinced of the worth of the Way. And believe me, I'm not bullshitting or pissing in my own pockets, when I say that if you're a die-hard fan of BLUDGEON RIFFOLA you'll be suitably impressed by Waysted.

"We're gonna play so loud," Way announced gleefully, "that the singer will scream in pain, it'll be the only way he'll be heard!"

It's hardly surprising that Way was disillusioned with 'Mechanix', as it's the total antithesis of what Waysted are about.

"UFO started becoming too soft, they started using too many keyboards. In the end, everyone was complaining about the group's direction, but it became obvious that moaning wasn't going to get me anywhere, which is why I left. I had to leave because I couldn't stand it anymore, it got to the point where the shows were terrible. That first night at the Hammersmith Odeon last year was probably the worst show anybody could do, it was an embarrassment to be there. It got to be really depressing in the end. I like working in a situation with sheer volume. In UFO it got so boring that I felt as if I was playing in a cabaret group. The whole thing was so bad, mediocre."

Both Way and Raymond were quick to point out that their new band has no intention of trying to replace UFO or compete with MSG, even though they share the same label. Of course, the interview was littered with a great many stabs at UFO ("cabaret wheelchair music"), Phil Mogg ("Dictator") and that band's current musical direction ("shit"), but it's criticism from the heart as Way wants to make sure that his new band doesn't make the same mistakes.

At the moment they have no manager as until things expand to an international level they're quite capable of running the show themselves. They also plan to self-produce any forthcoming product as Way and Raymond are both aware of the time and money that can be wasted on

coked-out knob-twiddling ego-maniacs. They'd rather use a top notch engineer.

The balance of fresh new faces and old established players in the band is very much a backlash against the 'supergroup syndrome' that Raymond encountered in MSG. He knows only too well that a format consisting of established, seasoned players doesn't guarantee a brilliant end product. Indeed, an X-S of egos can often have the opposite effect.

"There was this really uncreative friction that was damaging the band's progress", he recalled, "and Micheal relied too much on his reputation. He may have been a brilliant guitarist in the seventies but he hasn't moved with the times and his whole outlook/approach is terribly dated. These days he comes over a bit old fashioned. That's why it's important to have fresh blood in this band, we'll have much more to offer in this decade than MSG, they're a tired old concept."

Obviously, it's early days for Waysted but one thing even now can be guaranteed - they're gonna be heavy. Way insists upon that...

"In UFO I was always the one who'd go out and buy the Black Sabbath albums and the rest of the band would say: 'that's a load of crap'. My writing is a reflection of those influences. I wouldn't like any of our songs to turn out soft, to be honest. One thing I've been saying to the band is that I really want to put out a heavy rock album."

I've avoided mentioning Way's involvement with both 'Fast' Eddie and Ozzy as he seemed quite reluctant to talk about these past ventures. "I was going through a really bad period in my mind," is all he'd offer, while the only thing Raymond had to say about his past dalliances was that he could never get full credit for his songwriting due to contractual problems, though that situation has now been put to rights.

As for the new pups, Way is especially impressed with his guitarist Ronnie Kayfield.

"As you know, I really like good guitar players. Ronnie is for people who like lead players, he's one of the best in the world. I've always worked with really great guitarists and there's no reason why I should break the tradition now."

And as for frontman Fin More...

"Great, great singer - if you want a good band, you've got to come on strong. All the people I'm working with have given me 100 per cent confidence."

Yes folks! It's time to get Waysted!

PETE MAKOWSKI



WAYSTED from left: Paul Raymond, Ronnie Kayfield, Pete Way, Fin More, Frank Noon



PETE WAY: pic by Ross Halfin

XS=SUCCESS?

NEIL JEFFRIES indulges himself with Nazareth.

NAZARETH KNOW a thing or two about rock 'n' roll. After a career that has spanned 15 albums and three decades they know an *awful* lot about it – about entertaining. Ask Billy Squier how good they are. Not to his face mind you, use a telephone, because the memory is liable to be quite painful.

Nazareth you must realise are very big in the States, far more so than over here. When they went out as support to Billy before Christmas on his coast-to-coast tour the full nature of their popularity quickly became clear. Bearded bassist Pete Agnew and celebrated chanteur Dan McCafferty smile between brews and chasers as they tell the tale. Apologies to those 'sassenachs' born south of Newcastle but their accents are so infectious I *had* to try and reproduce them...

Dan: "It was easy. *Easy!*"

Pete: "It was the first time we've opened in the States for six years and we were just doing 50 minutes so we were back in the hotel watching TV at nine o'clock. It was the healthiest I've ever felt on tour."

Dan: "Oh yeah, when I came back I could still *talk*."

Pete: "Billy was selling a LOT of records – number one singles and albums – but in the States that doesn't mean people are gonnae turn out to see him. It's not the kind of band that people wanna see live."

Pretty modestly put considering some of the stories, which tell of Naz fans going berserk and chanting for the band even whilst Billy was on stage, and of video cameras constantly pointed stageward because the hall was full of Naz banners.

Why then have these scenes no equal in Britain? Can Nazareth's slip from the limelight here be solely down to media fashion? No, of course not, and the band are quick to admit that lengthy absences from the live circuit are the main reason. The explanation for this is simple: rock is Big Business in America and promoters there demand bands with proven reputations to sell their concert tickets. That's why Nazareth played with Billy Squier, because they were called for.

Pete: "We've got to the stage now where American promoters expect us to be in the US twice a year."

Dan: "They'll phone us up because they know we're one of those dependable bands that can

sell 10,000 tickets on a bill with Bob Seger and Foreigner."

Dan relates this fact without a trace of smugness and in a tone that's totally honest and down-to-earth...

Pete: "The whole world's feeling the bite of recession but us and Billy were filling out the places. It's really getting like the old sixties' tours over *here* where the kids buy a ticket cos they know there's gonnae be at least *one* band in the package they're gonnae get off on."

Nazareth's record sales across the Atlantic are very impressive too. Only Supertramp out-sell them in Canada so, as Pete explains:

"It's obviously a temptation when some guy says: 'you've sold 86,000 copies of your record in Atlanta – one town – would you like to play there?' ... Then the next night you're in Nottingham where you've sold *three!*"

Dan: "If we'd kept going out in Britain – and losing money – we probably *could* have kept interest up but we just couldn't afford to do it."

Pete: "It's not just that though,

"'2XS' was half and half, but this time we're talkin' about going right back to basics... getting it thumped out!"

purely down to money. We've now reached a situation where in America lotsa people think we're an American band... until they speak to us!"

Yes, there's no likelihood of those accents disappearing! They all still live in the Edinburgh area, and love Britain, particularly the atmosphere, more relaxed and less business-like than the States, which allows them to pull the bus over on the short hops between gigs for a quiet pub-lunch. They'd very much like another hit so they could do the annual tour ("same as everybody else"), but until then they'll continue to play up to 200 gigs a year across The Pond, where they go out with, and rival, many bands we back here can only dream of seeing. Like Ted Nugent, for example, who they go back a long way with...

Pete: "We did one tour with him that was *hilarious*. We had to get together every night to work out who was gonnae headline. One of us would say: 'well we're big here so will you open?' It

usually worked, though a couple of times we got caught, where he didnae tell us and pulled a fast one... but we got him back!"

Or Aerosmith...

Dan: "We did a gig with them in Washington's JFK once. Ted opened, then we went on, then Lynyrd Skynyrd and finally the 'Smith. A 67,000 seater and we'd never even *heard* of them... they got a standing ovation *just for walking on!* We've been on the road with them since but their tours are really weird. Like, we were in Houston a week to do two gigs. A week! We were bored man!"

Pete: "You'd just start to get good... we'd be thinking hey! it's cookin' now – we've done three gigs in a row! Then it would be four days off! Argh! We'd be looking for club dates to fill in."

They've just played with Aerosmith again, on a bill that also included Rose Tattoo. The Tatts clearly made an impression:

Pete: "Dan said to me you've got to see these guys. Now we don't usually bother too much, but he said you have to cop a swatch of this!"

Dan: "I thought they were gonnae *batter* the audience! Like – 'you'd better clap or I'm coming down there and I'm gonnae fill yae in! They look like they're gonnae commit mass murder or something! But we met them afterwards and they're really nice guys... the singer comes up to me and says, 'Hello Dan, I'm Angry', and I says 'What about, pal?' I wasn't being funny, it was just total naiveté... embarrassment!"

They've also got a story about a young support band by the name of Rush and a failed shark fishing trip, but I'll keep that under wraps or else the euro-tour with them later this year could well be in jeopardy.

The recently released album '2XS' and 1981's double-live 'Snaz' both featured a six-strong team of Dan and Pete plus the other originals Manny Charlton on guitar and drummer Darrell Sweet, augmented by young Glaswegian guitarists Billy Rankin and ex-Spirit ivory tinkler

John Locke. John was no longer with the band when they played the charity gig at Edinburgh's Coasters Club last month, however (just as well too as there wouldn't have been room onstage for him! "Yeah that little club was great fun – it makes a change to be able to see the faces of the people at the back!" laughs Pete.) So what happened to him?

Dan: "I don't think he really liked the touring, though the first time he came out with us he thought it was great being back on the road after spending so much time as a session musician."

Pete: "We're still friendly with him – I know *everybody* says that but we are. He sent me a Christmas card and no doubt he'll come and see us the next time we play LA. See, he's no really a loony like us when he's on the road, and it got to the stage where you could see him thinking 'these guys are gonnae *kill* me'."

So it's back to the twin-guitar five-piece (they tried it before with Zal Cleminson in 1979 remember?), and live they definitely seem more aggressive. What then will the new album sound like. Will it be back to hard rock?

Dan: "Well, we've never really thought of ourselves as a hard rock band but because we did things like 'Razamanaz' the press labelled us..."

Pete: "I think it was because we're *loud* – even if we play tuneless songs... we're suckers for tunes! But if a song has a tune that we like we try and approach it in a *meaty* way. On the 'Malice In Wonderland' and 'Fool Circle' albums we *didn't*, we played the songs a lot softer and it didn't really go down well with the fans. '2XS' was half and half, but this time we're talkin' about going right back to basics... getting it *thumped out!*"

Dan: "A bit of heads-down, but then again what we *think* it will sound like is probably nothing like it *will* sound! We'll not know 'til we get there and make a start."

Whatever, it's odds-on that Nazareth will maintain the quality and variety that has put their albums and concerts among the very best I've heard and seen in the last 10 years. And they still attract supporters like Clive from Southampton who travels everywhere to see them, though as Pete says: "I wouldnae do it. I mean, if The Beatles reformed with Jimi Hendrix on guitar then played more than 40 miles away... FORGET it pal."

DAN McCAFFERTY: pic by Robert Ellis



POST-MAX MITCHELL

TO THE uninitiated, talk of 'Max Webster having split' probably sounds like some poor guy falling victim to a deranged, limb-severing axeman (no, we're not talking about another Angus revelation!) However, anyone who actually knows something about Canadian hard rock (from Paul Suter onwards) will need no prompting on the real meaning of the above statement.

Max Webster, in fact, were a Canadian band responsible during the late seventies for recording some of the most inventive and challenging hard rock music on the scene. Through albums such as 'Mutiny Up My Sleeve', 'A Million Vacations' and 'Universal Juveniles', the group's style of melody, infused with exotic time changes and jazz inflections, earned them critical plaudits throughout the globe. However, to say the Websters were a financial disaster is tantamount to calling the St. Valentines' Day Massacre a slight tiff between friends!

"Yeah, I have to agree, Max Webster was a commercial disaster," agreed Kim Mitchell, the band's erstwhile guitarist/

vocalist/mainman, when I caught up with him recently. "If we'd stayed together, though, I think we were the sort of band who might one day have come up with a couple of songs that would have had people saying: 'hey, Max Webster, they're real hip'."

As you might infer from the above, Max Webster are indeed no more. Drummer Garry



McCracken and keyboardman Terry Watkinson are now in what Mitchell termed a "hip, spaced-out trio called Exproso", whilst Mitchell himself has issued a cracking good mini-LP boasting five classy, heavy rockin' tracks,

all under the umbrella title of 'Kim Mitchell'. And it is precisely to discuss this new project that the interview herein took place.

However, before we delve into the modern world of Mr Mitchell, a few words on the eventual demise of Max Webster wouldn't go amiss. So, what caused the final farewell?

"It happened about 18 months ago, when we were supporting Rush in the USA. I'd just had enough of everything and decided to take some time off to concentrate on my writing. I don't think the split was entirely down to lack of success though. It was more a case of lack of musical direction."

So, having made the big break, Mitchell then elected to take more than a year off from public duties (save for producing the much-praised Coney Hatch LP), and just build up a veritable fortress of new material.

"I'm a great believer in quantity over quality. If you work at something for long enough, then you must get better at it. That's certainly true of my song-writing. It's far better now than it's ever been."

Judging by the five songs selected for inclusion on the aforementioned album, Mitchell's words do have more than a ring of truth about them.

The whole feel and texture of this vinyl work is one of candidence and control. It also possesses a certain mass appeal rarely hinted at with the Websters.

"I don't know if it's all that different to Max Webster's stuff, although the way we recorded it definitely was. With Max, we used to have everything controlled and planned out well before we went into the studio, despite the fact that most people reckoned the band was thoroughly undisciplined and into making free-form music. This time around, however, I decided to change the conditions by getting a real loose feel. We just went in, turned on the tape machine - and rocked! That's perhaps why things sound a little different."

The 'we' in question, aside from Mitchell, takes in Paul Delong (drums), Robert Sinclair Wilson (bass/vocals), and Peter Fredette and Bernie LaBarge (backing vocals), a group put together through old contacts Mitchell had built up over a number of years in the Canadian music biz. And the entire sweet-rollin' cocktail was co-produced by the guitarist with Jack Richardson, recently responsible for the impressive SanTERS LP, 'Racing Time'.

MALCOLM DOME

HEAVY METAL FROM THE USA

On music for nations

VIRGIN STEELE

virgin steele one

sink your teeth into that

TALAS

On food for thought grub!

VIRGIN STEELE ONE is the killer album Judas Priest should have made... 'Kerrang'!

Features Billy Sheehan 'The Worlds greatest Bassist'Guitar Heroes.



STEVE LUKATHER (TOTO)

BEFORE YOU start sniggering at those daft Spider-style pants, just remember this – the guy in the photo is Steve Lukather, guitarist with Toto, who aren't just mega, but literally reek of RESPECTABILITY!

Would you believe that this band was recently nominated for no less than NINE Grammy (that's Grammy, not Granny – these guys may be BOFs to some, but they sure as hell ain't decrepid) Awards, the American music industry equivalent of the good ole Oscars. Among those categories in which Toto have been nominated are: Record of the year ('Rosanna'); Song of the year ('Rosanna'); Top vocal arrangement for a duo; Producers of the year; R 'n' B song of the year ('Turn Your Love Around').

Add on to all this action, the fact that 'Africa' has recently enjoyed success on the UK singles chart, and you'll understand why Toto seem to be generating almost as many greenbacks as a certain Steven Spielberg. Is it any wonder therefore that the band aren't rushing into new projects, with no news as yet on any fresh vinyl or UK tours? MALCOLM DOME

RICK NIELSEN (Cheap Trick)

SOME ROCKERS are crazy, some super-crazy. But, I think you'll agree that Cheap Trick axeworker Rick Nielsen definitely deserves entry into the mega-crazy division!

However, even the outrageous Mr Nielsen (rock 'n' roll's answer to Buster Keaton) has never come up with anything as ridiculous as a quintuple-necked guitar before! And what does it sound like? Ah, that remains a point of mystery, because we're not even sure if it's plugged into the amps! However, it does offer one obvious advantage – any guitarist who gets up onstage to jam with el Cheapies in future, won't need to bring along his own instrument; there's plenty of room aboard the Nielsen model for all to play. MALCOLM DOME



DAYS OF WHINE AND ROSIE

SPIDER, 70 cups-a-day men, struggle to feed their tea-drinking habit on the roads of Europe. HOWARD JOHNSON (words) and RAY PALMER (pix) yearn for something stronger.



"DUNKIRK, SIR?" The toothless jaws, with puckers placed closer to the car window than any meagre Mancunian could possibly stand, parted into a fleshy smile which only added to my already nauseous state. 'Sealink aim to give you a better service', huh? Well after travelling since six in the morning – novel, but not nice – even the most pleasant of smiles is as welcome as a finger in the eye or even another Progressive Rock feature, God forbid! So why the torture...?

SPIDERS! Crawling all over my body and pulling at every article of clothing, creating a hideous racket as they arrive at the port of Dover and make it their own! James Herbert, here could be the theme for your next novel of the insane and the grotesque! Could be, but it isn't.

Rather, I'm depicting the distinctive frames of Col Harkness, Rob E. Burrows, Sniffa and Brian Burrows merely

cadging another 10 pence out of your hapless hack to play *Invaders*, or maybe blasting his lug 'oles with the latest piece of Spider news, or delivering another piece of filth which is bound to shock. Torture? Nay me hearties – a mere trifle compared to the pleasure to be had crossing the big blue briny to witness the very first (cue drumroll) arachnid assault on Europe. Like kids on a day trip to collect stripy shirts and strings of onions, this is the first time our four intrepid heroes have left England's green and pleasant land to sample the charms of the continent – and you bet your ass they're going to make the most of it!

Background info: Spider now have a very handy contract with RCA, thank you very much, which allows them the freedom to cut their teeth on rather more adventurous escapades than merely cruising through the UK night after night, show after show. They've also sold 10,000 albums in France alone. UFO may have just produced their best LP ('Making Contact') since Mr Michael Schenker dropped the

thigh-length boots and the flowing locks and came down to earth with MSG, but they still need a band with a minor reputation to pull in those extra few punters. So, Spider open for UFO in Europe, right? Right! Everybody's happy, right? Wrong!

Spider are not totally happy. Tragedy of tragedies, they've forgotten the tea urn! Robbie whinges on and I mourn the passing of the day when bands would willingly join journalist and snapper (in this case my old mate Ray 'pervert' Palmer) in the almighty important task of getting blitzed! Now, when I was a lad...

Striking French soil at last ("It looks bloody horrible!" – Col), we find the French customs people in none too hospitable mood. Our convoy of two cars arrives at the dinky little 'douanier' hut only to find that none of those particular chappies are available or even in sight. Through we sail and stop within 50 yards of customs to search out some French moolah. Then all hell is let loose. Cars, seemingly intent on seeing how

much rubber they can leave on the road, screech up and angry Clouseau lookalikes toting pistols which look just a shade *too* real for the movies, level barrels at various members of our entourage! It's the perfect time to chew on that knarled cigar stub I've been saving since Christmas and pull out the bulge hidden in my trousers (the gun, the gun!!) for the big showdown. Mild-mannered as I am, though (who said 'coward'?), we're forced to negotiate.

The Spidermobile, a luscious, luxurious American *Cadillac*, is effectively dismantled, much to the dismay of driver Lockie, as these fine upstanding guardians of French law and order go about their search for what we in the business call 'drugs'. And, *sacre bleu!*, the same palaver happens again the following day as we make our way into Belgium for the first gig of the tour in the delicately named backwater of Poperinge. This time questions are asked about the lack of duty paid on 300 Spider T-shirts, due to be distributed to important gents in the French music biz (it

says here). Problems? No problems. The scouse wit and lingo of our Brian and the grasp of the French vernacular enjoyed by a certain member of our party who shall remain nameless, sees us through to Poperinge. Ah, Poperinge!

A strange place it is. The sports' hall, soon to be subjected to the shell shock of Heavy Metal thunder is routine enough, but as we snake our way through cobbled streets to the gig even we battle-hardened gents are rather taken aback by the sight of many a Belgian lad, often with girl in tow, lowering his zip to reveal his full potential. Said guys, presumably razzed up on some evil Belgian brew, then proceed to let their tackle do the talking – in the middle of the street, in full view, in any so-and-so's garden, and no-one, male or female, bats an eyelid! Very gross. Now we all know where the sadly dewarped Ross Halfin will go when he becomes a tax exile!

Once the lights dim, however, all such bizarre thoughts are banished and Spider get down to business, pouring out that hard 'n' heavy blues boogie that you all know and hate or love. Brian has little trouble communicating with the audience of bonzo Belgians and his mention of 'shagging' seems to go down well. It's the same set as used and approved on the UK Gillan tour but, while tonight's performance is solid and professional, it doesn't spark any genuine gut reaction. All is to change tomorrow, however...

"Today's Monday, so it must be Paris". It is and Paris in style 'n' all! The Hilton Hotel, in the shadow of this beautiful city's most significant monument, the Eiffel Tower, is a fairy book setting which both band and entourage are determined to enjoy – post gig!

The Bataclan, on the other hand, is decidedly down-market, depressing even! Once the scene for Parisienne pretties to high-kick for the gratification of the gentry, it now plays host to denizens of denim as rank and file as any HM crowd from Basingstoke to Brighton.

There's no complaints from Spider about Parisienne enthusiasm, though. *La jeunesse française* is already sold on boogie rock (AC/DC are bigger than big here) and the kids respond to the twin twelve-bar attack of Col and Sniffa by shouting and screaming their little heads off, bless 'em! The venue is hugely overcrowded but sweat and rock 'n' roll always have gone together. 'Did ya like it baby?' You bet!! No soundcheck, no onstage monitors and Brian is fuming, but the crowd is convinced beyond doubt that this is one band worth supporting. Response-wise, the tour is off to a good start, though various equipment hassles and a mysteriously broken drum riser inevitably cause a degree of concern. Brian:

"We've got to be careful what



we say cos when this piece is printed we'll still be on the road, but any problems we've been having are definitely crew matters. I don't think UFO care either way really, they just want to get on with their own gig. In fact, I've been very impressed with them so far. They've got some good songs and they pose well so I can see myself becoming a fan. The crew thing, however, is a problem and I don't hold with it. I once sacked a roadie for wiring a support band's snare drum with a mike he knew was duff. That's out of order."

But at least you're having the time of your lives, living it up at the Hilton? Col:

"If it were my money we'd be in a bed 'n' breakfast. We appreciate what RCA are doing but we'd rather have the cash. This side of the business is a bit phoney, a bed's a bed after all!"

"But we're not complaining," Rob is quick to add. "We've pinched the soap and the writing paper with 'Paris Hilton' stamped on it to prove we've been here and me mam'll be pleased at least!"

And howsabout the kids who'll be living out their fantasies through your experiences? Brian:

"I think it's good that four working class kids get to live out the fantasies of other working class kids who'll never get the chance to do these things. It doesn't make us better, just luckier, and if they get off on reading about us having a good time then great, cos I'd like to share this experience with them."

"The wrong kind of star trip is when you lose touch with the kids. How can they relate to Rod Stewart or Freddie Mercury? I just like to annoy the toffs in places like The Hilton! I hate the stuck-up twats so it's good to rile 'em!"

How much has the use of 'Part Of The Legend' on Levis ads throughout Europe helped get the band's name known here?

"We don't really know," laughs Rob, "but we got some good trousers out of it. I'd be sitting here in the knackers without Levis! Nah, the jingle's played on TV and radio but our name's not associated with it, even though we have put it out as a single in Europe."

And singles are on the collective Spider mind right now, with a brand new 45, 'Why D'ya Lie To Me', probably in the shops by the time you read this piece. Brian is enthusiastic about its prospects:

"It's coming out on the back of the Gillan tour with TV promotion, and as all of our product has charted before I don't see why this one can't break us. It's commercial and clean but it's got a lotta balls too – I reckon it's one of our best releases to date."



MARILLION





MARKET SQUARE HEROES

IN PART ONE of this survey of Progressive Rock Chris Welch dealt with the music's prime-movers, the instigator's of 'Art for Art's sake' within the musical sphere – the likes of Yes, Genesis, ELP and King Crimson.

In part two we examine the Progressive scene as it exists today, a decade on. MALCOLM DOME looks at the impact of the 'revival' on the new bands and their's, in turn, on said revival, while DAVE DICKSON states the case for Marillion, far and away the most successful of the new 'Progressives'.

However, this still leaves the intervening years unaccounted for. Why did Progressive Rock fall apart around 1975/76 and why has it taken so long to re-emerge?

The answer can be found in two words: punk rock. Punk systematically destroyed the supergroups of the early seventies, sweeping the board clean for a whole new set of musical standards to be introduced. As Marillion's Fish put it: "The punk philosophy made it embarrassing for anyone to declare themselves a Progressive Rock fan because it hit that style of music with so much venom. Similarly, a lot of musicians became embarrassed to play complex figures, so embarrassed that many of them went into punk bands, and from there into HM."

"Everybody has to start somewhere. Not one of these bands has stood up and said they're ready for recording. None of them, either, has set themselves up as pretenders to the Marillion throne. They're all very young, and all they want is to BE HEARD."

The above statement (as I shall explain later) is arguably the most significant yet made about the so-called 'Progressive Rock revival'. Not least because it was stated by one Keith Goodwin. Goodwin was responsible for handling the PR affairs of such as Yes and Argent in their heyday. And it was he who last year played a major behind-the-scenes role in bringing Marillion to the attention of the media, thence to the public. Moreover, Goodwin now acts as the publicity representative for virtually all the newer bands in this area who you've doubtless seen mentioned over the past few months in the press.

The point is this – Marillion were sold to the press as being progressive, and indeed as being latter-day Genesis. On top of this, the vast majority of others labelled as 'Progressive' have been presented as part of a

rolling movement likely to sweep it's way right across the nation. I mention such a fact right at the start because some (perhaps many) persons have the idea that rock critics are trivialising what's happening at the grass-roots level of mature modern music (if anything actually IS happening) by presenting it as a trend/fad, thereby devaluing its worth. That's not the case at all. We are simply REACTING to what we've seen and heard. It is others who are manufacturing the notion of a 'Progressive renaissance'.

This argument is, I'm convinced, fundamental to the whole argument herein. You see, rock music is a very conservative medium, and the press has always reflected this. Indeed *Kerrang!* itself has set very strict limits on what may be covered. The fact is we don't take chances for sensible commercial reasons. And, because the majority of the music-listening public are believed to want their music presented within well-defined, separate categories with hardly any room for cross-over, a band must be able to be identified with an already accepted pigeon-hole to trigger any meaningful response. Hence, most groups

are compared to established acts as a natural source of convenient reference.

This was certainly the case with Marillion. Because they had so much obvious connection with Gabriel-era Genesis, this was their inevitable pigeon-hole. But, in truth, there's a vast gulf between the two bands. And the claim that Marillion are actually clones of Genesis (a statement, for example, blandly made to me recently by Chris Logan, drummer with Shiva) is, I'm certain, based on one pillar – the similarities between Fish and Gabriel in the vocal department. So, let's briefly examine this point.

In rock music, there's a limited number of vocal styles a singer can adopt, that much should be obvious. Each singer fits into that category which best suits his (or her) particular voice. And to a large extent, it is the character of the voice that subsequently determines the style of music eventually presented by any group the singer joins. It just so happens Gabriel and Fish possess similar larynx qualities – no more, no less. Indeed, if the former had never existed, the

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IF YOU'RE under the impression that Progressive rockers pass their free-time pressing wild flowers and train spotting, then think again. For, Pallas bassist Graeme Murray spends most of his off-duty hours tinkering with the pride and joy of his life – this Mallock Clubman's car (seen here giving a ride to the entire Pallas entourage).

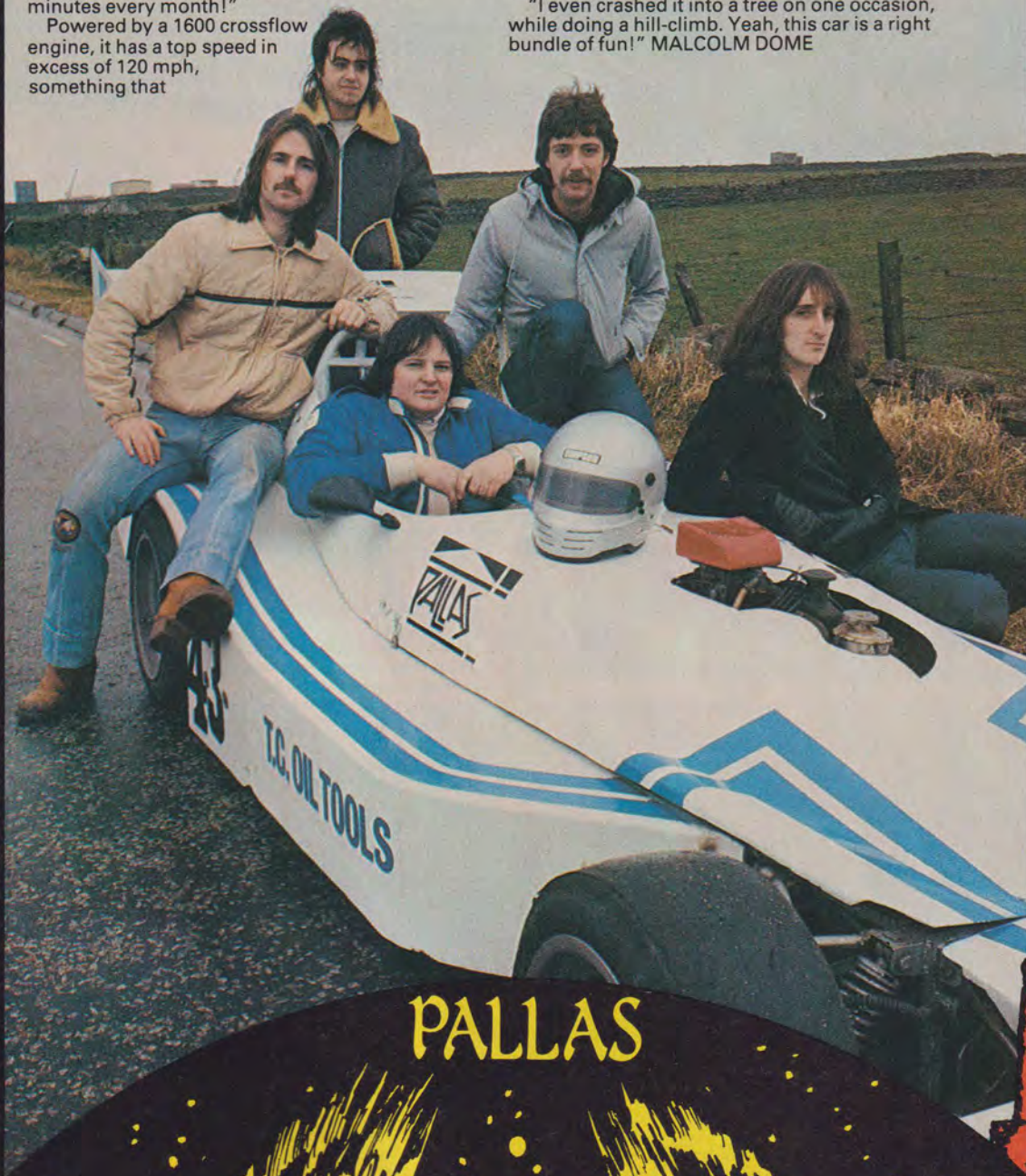
"I bought the car last year, and it was in a terrible state. It's cost me about £1,000 to get into shape and, over the past 12 months, I've just spent all my spare time doing it up – you know about five minutes every month!"

Powered by a 1600 crossflow engine, it has a top speed in excess of 120 mph, something that

Murray describes as "quite horrendously frightening. I've actually done absolutely nothing of note with it, because I'm too scared. Anyone who's ever watched motor-racing on the side, and thought it was the easiest thing in the world would get a real shock if they just sat in one of these cars – it's terrifying."

Despite this reticence, though, Murray has entered his car for occasional races and hill-climbs at places like Inglestone and Knothill, two of Scotland's most popular racing circuits.

"I even crashed it into a tree on one occasion, while doing a hill-climb. Yeah, this car is a right bundle of fun!" MALCOLM DOME



PALLAS





TWELFTH NIGHT

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latter I'm sure would still be singing in exactly the same manner.

I'm sorry to keep harping so much on the Marillion front, but it has to be said – they are definitely the yardstick by which everyone else must be judged. As Brian Devoil, drummer with Twelfth Night, recently admitted: "Marillion are so far ahead of the rest of us." But, why on earth should one band have emerged so far in front of everyone else? If you think back to the sort of fashion movements that have burst on the scene in past years, they've all had three or four major acts coming through at the head of the pile together. Punk had the Sex Pistols, the Damned, and the Clash, while the NWOBHM boasted Def Leppard, Saxon, Iron Maiden, and Girlschool, all practically abreast of each other on the road to fame. Even the electronic pop 'revolution' had more than just the Human League to fly the flag in the charts. So, what makes the Progressives different? Let's return to Devoil.

"About two years ago, a lot of groups were in a 'brown paper bag' situation, each one knowing that as soon as one emerged into the limelight, many others would follow. It was us who seemed the band most likely to poke a hole in the bag and come through. In fact, Marillion at that stage (end of '81) were always ringing up and asking if they could support Twelfth Night. But in January of

'82, we went into hiding to write and record. Marillion took over from us as the leading light – and things began to happen. I've gotta admit, they were probably more clued up to what was needed to make a break-through than we were."

The stark staring truth is that Marillion rapidly realised that to get anywhere they HAD to be seen as a strongly image-conscious outfit, hence Fish (clearly a charismatic figurehead) was pushed forward as a star – the rest, as they say, has become folklore (or very soon will be). So what happened to the others? They've failed to capture the imagination of the wider public for two significant reasons.

Firstly, aside from Marillion, no-one in this entire movement has realised the obvious. Namely, that progressive rock is still ROCK. And rock is all about show-biz razzamatazz. As a fan of the likes of ELP/Nice/Genesis/Yes/Tull etc, I know that, while they might have given the impression of musical puritanism and visual austerity, the reality was far more exciting. There was a considerable degree of fun, energy and charisma about all the above bands. Characters such as Keith Emerson, Rick Wakeman, Ian Anderson, and Peter Gabriel were all lunatics after their own fashion, projecting a manic degree of lusty life amidst the symphonic sensitivity. Chris Welch's article in the last issue of *Kerrang!*

amply made this point. But, where are today's equivalents? Aside from Fish, and perhaps a couple of others (who I shall mention later on) there's almost no relief at all from faceless anonymity. Just how bands from Solstice to Pendragon, and Airbridge to IQ can claim to be following assiduously in the footsteps of the past legends is beyond me, when that essential element of fun has been surgically removed.

The second point is one of ambition. When Paul Dennis of Trilogy says that: "We've always packed out our gigs since we began in 1981," (meant as a comment on the popularity of the music), he was really underlining this point. If bands such as this were so successful on the club circuit some two years back, what stopped 'em becoming household names? Or, even more damningly, why did they only emerge into the limelight at all after Marillion had broken through? I'll tell you why – because they lacked both the gumption and the guts to come through on their own.

Musically, all the bands I've so far heard are pretty impressive, but if you think about it that's only to be expected. After all, while you can get away with a lack of talent in both HM and punk (many, in fact, have made a career out of it!), with this type of music, technical proficiency is of the essence.

However, merely providing quality music isn't good enough. To make a name requires dedication and a single-minded determination, and most of the new bands don't have this attribute – certainly not in the abundance required by any budding rock star. It's all very well for Devoil to proclaim that "one journalist said we were the best musicians in the world aside from Genesis," but that begs the prime question. And the answer must be that these groups are content with their lot, happy to play out rock fantasies in the hidden recesses of local, obscure pubs and the like, with nary a thought of making money from it!

When Marillion came of age, these outfits suddenly realised there was mileage in what they'd been peddling for years, without any acclaim. But the vast majority will find it hard to be taken seriously by record companies because their attitudes are all wrong. And, since in the end, it is the big corporations (ie. EMI, WEA, CBS, etc) who will decide the fate of Pallas and their ilk by either signing them up or NOT doing so, just where do they stand in this respect.

"Record companies work on a system of panic. If they're having success, they panic about what to do next, and if they're not having success, they panic about how to reverse this trend." So said David Howells recently. Howells is boss of Gull Records, and a man with a vast backlog of experience in this business on many levels. The point about the 'panic principle' is that labels are open to new ideas, so long as

they have an audience already waiting to buy up product. That's why when a fashion is established, all the companies fall over themselves to get a band in this particular area, not wishing to miss out on a quick killing. So, what's gone wrong this time? Only Marillion have a major deal so far, yet with their second single sitting comfortably inside the Top 40 at the time of writing, you'd expect other companies apart from EMI to have started penning the Progressive sheep. But that hasn't happened. Indeed it shows no sign of occurring at all.

"I think that's because everyone is waiting to see how Marillion do with their first album," is Paul Dennis' explanation. "Once they see that Marillion will sell well then a lot of other bands are going to be signed."

But, what's so different about this movement? Why is it following a different course to others in recent times? For instance, did you see Phonogram waiting on Iron Maiden's success with EMI before jumping in, cheque books blazing, to acquire Def Leppard? Of course not. Once again it underlines the fact that none of the post-Marillion outfits are as yet good enough to cut the commercial ice. Perhaps, Nick Barrett of Pendragon (who it's been argued are one of the outfits most likely, in relative terms, to come through) hit the nail on the head when he told me: "we've just gotta go out and prove we can sell records. And that means doing a hell of a lot more work. Any band who doesn't impress the labels has gotta sit down, work out why, then try and do something about it."

Certainly from my dealings with the major companies over the past few months, I can tell you that there IS a desire amongst 'em to sign up 'Progressive' acts. It's just the failure of these groups to convince that they've the makings of successful combos that's held them back. It's all tied up with the opening statement from Goodwin – many of them are just too young. If you think back, you'll find that many of the original Progressive bands of the late sixties were composed of hardened musicians, with sufficient experience to make the necessary adjustments for success, something Rick Wakeman recalled not so long ago:

"We used to have a couple of transits and just do the university circuit, getting about £50 each per gig."

So, surely the answer is for the young bands to follow the same continuous work ethic? Ah, if only it were so easy. As Geoff 'I Have A Bath Everyday' Banks once pointed out in a fit of rare insight: "the social conditions have changed so much since the early seventies." Bands find life on the road far tougher now, both in terms of financial reward and available gigs, which brings us back to the notion of grim determination being necessary

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SOLSTICE

JUST TO SHOW how diverse the entire Progressive movement really is, Solstice DON'T have anything in common with the likes of Yes, ELP, or even Genesis. Rather they've a distinct folk-rock leaning, drawing inspiration from Curved Air, Illusion and Fairport Convention.

The band were formed in late 1980, featuring at the time Marc Elton (violin/keyboards/vocals), Andy Glass (lead guitar/vocals), Mark Hawkins (bass/bass pedals/vocals) and Dave Harden (drums). Harden remained for only a short period, being replaced by Martin Wright in 1981.

Solstice rapidly built up a solid grassroots following as word spread out from their Milton Keynes base, finally playing a sell-out gig at the Marquee this January, swiftly followed by an appearance at London's prestigious Venue. These concerts marked the first real opportunities for fans to check out female lead vocalist Shelley Patt, since departed on medical grounds.

A four-track cassette was released in June 1981, quickly selling out, and has been followed by another commercial cassette in 'Pathways', issued last autumn.
MALCOLM DOME

TWELFTH NIGHT

WHILST MOST of the newer, younger bands in this genre have spent the past couple of years building up a strong live following, Twelfth Night have released no less than five albums, though only two ('Live At The Target' and the recent 'Fact & Fiction') are still readily available.

The band were formed in 1978, when drummer Brian Devoil and guitarist Andy Revell took time off from their Reading University studies to try their hand at becoming rock stars. After going through several line-ups the present personnel were recruited, viz: Rick Battersby (keyboards), Geoff Mann (vocals), Clive Mitten (bass/keyboards). Since this five-piece came together in August 1981, Twelfth Night have gradually been moving up the rock ladder, making headline appearances at London's Marquee and securing a spot on the Reading Festival bill in '81. They also guested on David Essex's 'Showcase' TV series last October.

Their excellent musicianship and lyrical content seems likely to see them gain final recognition.
MALCOLM DOME



TWELFTH NIGHT - ANDY REVELL (left) and CLIVE MITTEN: pic by Robert Ellis

for any act to force itself into the public eye.

In the past, record companies could afford to sign up even a vaguely reasonable band, in the certain knowledge that there was enough viable product on their roster to cover one or two disasters. But times have radically altered, and these days no label would dare take such a road. Instant returns are not optional, but EXPECTED. As Devoil said: "record companies are paranoid about failure. They've spent so long promoting the single as their main source of income, that they've forgotten that, in the long run, it's still album sales that provide them with the largest capital."

Therefore, whilst it is up to each individual band to show their worth, any outfit (and that includes Marillion) eventually given the green light is going to require time, patience, and financial commitment before they provide a lucrative income for their bosses. Let's hope a change in attitude transpires at the record label level, otherwise we might end up with, say, Trilogy being snapped up, then dropped after one album.

Now, so far I've successfully avoided the most basic question raised by this feature – is there actually a movement? The comments below should provide the answer:

"The sort of music we've been doing for some time, never actually went away. But if people want to call our music a 'revival' then that's fine by us, because it'll give us a chance to spread our wings and play to a wider audience" – Paul Dennis

"The term 'revival' is an odd one because we've never ever had a problem getting in an audience since we started in 1980. The music has always been there." – Lorenzo Bedini (Airbridge).

"We don't feel calling it a 'revival' is fair, and we want nothing to do with a Progressive movement." – Mark Elton (Solstice).

"The term 'Progressive rock revival' is an absurd one, if you think about it. The actual meaning of the word 'Progressive' is 'to move forward', right? So, therefore it must be ridiculous to describe someone like Marillion as Progressive. Good though they are, all they're doing is re-creating the Genesis of the early seventies – working within already defined musical parameters, not actually moving forward at all." – Brian Devoil (Twelfth Night).

From talking to these and many others in the front-line, it's plain that everyone objects to the notion of a revival, whilst accepting that a movement is forming. Andy Grant of Tamarisk comes closest to putting the whole thing in a nutshell:

"There must be something happening, because bands are

able to headline the Marquee and pull in very good numbers. If you see an HM band at the same level as, for example, Pendragon, they won't attract even half as many people as the latter. The fans are roughly divided into two age brackets. The majority are 16-18 year olds who've become bored with the heavier side of rock and want something a little more demanding, but there's also older people, the original fans of Yes and Genesis, who are now getting excited again by live music."

So, if we accept that the proliferation of new bands does constitute a movement, what'll happen to the bands caught up in it? Rock movements tend to be very transient, and many bands are likely to end up crashing into disaster city when the fad runs out of steam. Fish, of course, has gone on record as proclaiming that the four bands (Pendragon, Dagaband, Twelfth Night, Solstice), who not so long ago played together at a 'Progressive rock night' held at London's Venue, are committing suicide, a comment rampantly denied by the quartet. Brian Devoil's answer is typical:

"It's very easy for Fish in his position to look down and expound on what the bands below are doing wrong. He forgets that not so long ago he was also in a struggling band. But look at the facts - 600 people turned up for that night, and I think each band made great strides by getting across to new people. I don't really understand why someone like Fish should find it necessary to put down younger bands just for the sake of it, unless of course he's worried by them!"

Rick Wakeman seems to agree, at least in part, with Devoil & co:

"I'm not sure that these new bands being lumped together as a Progressive rock movement is necessarily a bad thing. You can always break out of that situation if you're good enough. The problems start when bands are ignored, but as long as people are talking about you, in whatever context, it doesn't REALLY matter what they call you."

Of course, there are some, aside from Fish, who believe (probably with good reason) that sticking all the Progressives in one corner is no good for anyone. Andy Grant, for instance:

"That Venue gig was a bit of a problem, and Fish does have a good point. Having four bands, one after another, all doing basically the same kind of stuff was a bit silly. The music was certainly good, but the idea was wrong."

What's needed now, of course, is for every band to sit down and seriously reflect on its position. There's a dire need for a spark of individuality to come through, because at the moment it's pretty thin on the ground. Lorenzo Bedini certainly put his finger on the problem with the following statement:

"The bands who come through will need to show a degree of

individuality, and really prove they're modern with it. It's no good harping back to 1972, because by doing that you're gonna get nowhere."

So, who has the makings of a top-class band? Or put another way, which bands will still be around this time next year? I'm afraid I don't think there will be many. Leaving aside Marillion (who will be enormous, of that I'm certain), who else is worth putting money on? For a start the Dagaband. They've the right balance of musical proficiency and fun and, as long as they can project a mite more charisma onstage and forcefully overcome the 'ELP clones' charge in the same manner as Marillion dealt with the Genesis tag, they may well make a large impact.

Twelfth Night, too, could be on the move soon. They've a rare musical insight that demands attention, very redolent of the Floyd. What worries me with them, though, is that onstage they lack a positive sense of rapport with the audience. Much will depend on whether vocalist Geoff Mann can hone down his Hammill-esque leanings in the same manner as Fish has done in respect of Gabriel..

I'm sorry to say that I find Pallas increasingly tedious, and the likes of IQ, Tamarisk, Pendragon and Solstice are certainly not fit to be talked of in serious terms as yet. Which brings me to a couple of bands very much on the Progressive fringes, but both with enormous talent.

Firstly, Le Mat, who with their rustic edge yet crazed rockin' appetite have already carved out a clever niche for themselves. On

vinyl, they've the melodic skill to achieve crossover hits, whilst onstage they create a Faces-style atmosphere of good-time looseness. There's a spark of quality about all their work to date, something lacking in the other bands I've mentioned thus far (with the exception of Marillion), and in vocalist Gary Simpson and guitarist Pete Helmer they've two showmen par excellence.

And finally to Shiva, a band touted as Britain's answer to Rush, who have the right blend of musical muscle, youthful ambition, and ruthless single-mindedness to take on most-comers.

The over-riding reason why I feel both Le Mat and Shiva are more likely to make an impact than any sternly-labelled Progressive band is simply because they're on the fringe of it all. They've remained aloof to a degree, whereas those right at the centre have sadly allowed themselves to gain a 'Marillion complex'. Marillion may have opened the door for the movement but, by the same token, they may well have closed it on the bands dragging their feet behind them. As Fish commented: "I knew there was going to be a resurgence, a demand for the sort of music I was into, but the fact was there was room for perhaps one band to really strike through. And because we have signed a major deal the press have now said that there is a demand for Progressive Rock – but there always has been a demand for it! And we happen to fulfil it. And I think we've nearly sealed the whole gap now."

IN THE second half of this feature FISH and keyboardist MARK KELLY attempt to thrash out the whole question of the Progressive Rock movement with DAVE DICKSON, examining its existence or otherwise and its direct effect on Marillion as a band, their beginnings, influences and future.

If any band amongst the current batch seems destined to take up the mantle of 'supergroup' laid down by the original Progressives then it is surely Marillion, the most obvious focal-point for the entire 'Progressive Rock revival'. As such they have, arguably, a better claim than most to act as the music's spokesmen and to offer their views, from the inside looking out...

TIME HAS moved on apace since the heroes of Chris Welch's article grubbed for a sixpence to feed the gas meter in a dingy flat off the Fulham Road, and so has the space – cut to fade, the screen washes with a milk-white mist, and cut to reopen in Manchester Square, a short walk from the elegant Bond Street boutiques, where the camera focuses on the plush offices of the EMI organisation; then pans to a room on the first floor where the heroes of today's 'Progressive Rock movement', two figures from Marillion, are seated in preparation for a three hour plus investigative probing from your reporter.

Marillion have reached this elevated position by sheer dogged hard work coupled with a single-minded determination to succeed, to score that all-important, ever-elusive deal no

matter what the cost (financially or to their bodies and spirits). Yet Fish and Mark Kelly, vocalist and keyboard player respectively, remain calm and level-headed about their, so far, moderate success. They realise they've been lucky in some respects, though they've grasped and fully utilised the opportunities that have come their way. Neither are they blind to the reasons behind Marillion's capturing of both deal and headlines, to the expense and even detriment, some might suggest, of their contemporaries.

"Every company was aware of us," Fish asserts, "and they all said: 'It's the songs, it's the personalities in the band, it's the band as a unit, the whole chemistry that makes Marillion.'"

"We've only been together for two years but we went through with a purpose, with a direction and with a venom. I knew that if

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DAGABAND

ARGUABLY THE very first of the 'new' Progressives to gain any sort of nationwide interest, this Chesterfield-based trio first came to light in the mid-seventies when, on the verge of major happenings following a string of successful gigs both here and abroad, fate struck a cruel blow.

A serious car crash wrecked their equipment, and put all three members into hospital for several months. However, the band – Greg Boynton (keyboards), Steve Fidler (guitars/bass) and Phil Boynton (drums/vocals) – fought back with tremendous tenacity, putting every penny they could earn into rehabilitating their musical career, finally re-emerging in the late spring of '82 to support Budgie on a national tour.

The band's first vinyl release has just appeared on the MHM label. It's a three-track affair, featuring original numbers 'Reds Under The Beds' and 'Second Time Around', plus a cover of the Who's 'I Can See For Miles'. An album is promised in the near future. MALCOLM DOME



DAGABAND: pic by Robert Ellis

PENDRAGON

STROUD-BASED, Pendragon started out several years ago under the intensely mythological name of Zeus Pendragon. Their music clearly has a heavy keyboards orientation, drawing mainly from the well-springs of early Yes and mid-period King Crimson.

The band was formed by guitarist/vocalist Nick Barrett and drummer/vocalist Nigel Harris. Bassist Robert Dalby joined the ranks soon afterwards, with John Barnfield coming into the line-up a year later to add the now predominant keyboard textures.

It was this incarnation that finally put the Pendragon name on the map, though Dalby has since departed being replaced by Pete Gee, who initially joined up as a second guitarist in the summer of '81 then moved over to bass when the need suddenly arose (shades of Beck/Page period Yardbirds?).

The only commercially available product from Pendragon is a three-track cassette, 'Armageddon', issued on Sceptre Records. MALCOLM DOME



PENDRAGON's NICK BARRETT: pic by Robert Ellis

we didn't get this deal there was no way I could go and sing Heavy Metal and still make it as an HM singer. I was singing from the heart, it was the real me, there was no plastic facade, nothing. You can talk about the grease-paint mask but what I do onstage is me. I always wanted to be a musician, but more than anything I wanted to be me, totally myself, just from the conscience point of view.

"And we have made it, or at least we have come through to this point. We've not quite made it yet, we're not a huge band by any means, I know that, we've still got loads of work to do. But we've got this far and I can see no reason why we shouldn't go further."

But something is obviously amiss amongst the ranks of Marillion's contemporaries. Perhaps, as the venerable Dome suggests, simply a lack of charisma and the will to succeed is at the root of the problem. Fish, while concurring, also pointed to some other decisive factors.

"If you walk in the mists of a dream you'll never get anywhere. We knew where we were going, we set up goals and aimed for them and did everything to achieve them."

"But a lot of these bands don't even have managers and for the sort of deals they should be going for they need somebody that knows the business, not just a singer that happens to have the gift of the gab and can blag his way into the record companies or the *Kerrang!* office or something – that's no use!"

"The horrible reality of the situation is that it is a business; it's not 1970 anymore, it's a lot harder now than it ever was back then. It costs a lot more to produce an album these days, and a lot more business-sense and legal-sense is needed to actually transform a pub-band into a show-band that can fill the Hammersmith Odeon. We could never have done it without our manager, and a lot of these bands have yet to realise just how difficult this business can be."

Mark elaborates: "We decided the best thing we could do was to try and get a record deal, so if we did any recording, a demo-tape or whatever, it was to get gigs, to get people along to see us."

"Transferring a live recording, say, onto a piece of vinyl just for the sake of saying 'We've got a record out!' won't really do any good. Without a deal the only way you can sell it is by post or at gigs to the few hundred people who come and see you. But really you're just wasting your time and money; you're playing at it rather than doing it for real."

"The vinyl ego-trip," Fish declares animatedly, "is pointless! When we signed we were over £4000 in debt and we had discussed the validity of an independently produced single but dismissed the idea."

"There are bands content to put out a 33/rpm vinyl disc with their name on it and 'special thanks to Tody and Ozzy, and all

the boys in the crew, and my mum, and Nescafé and Marlboro cigarettes...' so they can play it late at night to their girlfriends and say: 'That's great, that's our album!' That's stupid, that doesn't make them a band, a proper band as far as commercial success goes. To me that points to throwaway songs and a lack of pride in their actual songwriting; and it also says, to me anyway, that they don't actually care how their music can best be put across."

That Marillion have arrived is undeniable; that they may now grow to match and surpass their predecessors is more open to conjecture. Certainly, Chris Welch in part one of this feature expressed serious doubts: "we'll never see the likes of the old groups again," was his earnest assessment. But the times have changed, irreversibly, and for that we can thank (or hold forever in contempt, depending on your point of view) punk rock. Punk redefined, if not openly destroyed, the standards by which performances were judged; and at the top of the punk hit-list the names of the 'supergroups' were indelibly etched. The onslaught was furious and all-consuming, no-one (and this is a categorical statement), but no-one survived intact.

Of the two bands that remain to date out of those early seventies groups, Genesis have been led by Phil Collins away from the complexities of such epics as 'Foxtrot' and 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' towards the more instant 'popism' of 'Abacab'. 'Progressive' is a tag present-day Genesis neither deserve, nor particularly want; while Pink Floyd, under the guidance of Roger Waters, have irrevocably changed. So shattering was the experience of punk to Waters that he was forced to construct The Wall in order to fully understand and appreciate the consequences of its devastating effect. Anarchy was sweeping like plague-fire through the UK music industry, and of the 'old guard' it seemed only Waters could grasp its full significance.

But as Robert Heinlein put it in 'Time Enough For Love': "You live and learn. Or you don't live long." And Marillion were quick to learn not only from the lessons of punk but from the mistakes of their predecessors too.

"There is an edge, an awareness taken from the punk movement," explains Fish. "Without it I'd probably never have stood on a stage, it made me aware that I didn't have to be frightened whether I could sing or not."

"Punk by its very nature was a very transient thing," Mark adds, "it's very essence was to send up those 'super' bands that preceded it."

What killed the 'supergroups' was this emergence through punk of a kind of street-level awareness of cold reality. The ELP's and the Yes's, over-laden with what Fish terms "the complacency of success", found

themselves alienated from their audience, cut off from a world they could no longer understand. Nothing, it seemed, was as it had been.

Mark: "There was so much self-indulgence, just going through the motions and saying: 'Look how many notes I can play to the bar!'"

Fish: "You see, there was no contact with the audience, nothing. The halls were too big, the bands only toured every two years or so and only released albums when the companies called up for them. They had to write the damn things but had just run out of ideas."

"Some bands managed to ride the storm: Floyd survived. Yes didn't – 'Relayer', 'Going For The One' and 'Tormato' just didn't hit me like the earlier ones had – and ELP just died a death! Emerson and Lake completely ran out of ideas. But we're aware of the gap that can be created between band and audience and we'll work to prevent that happening to us."

Mark: "Look at 'Animals', that came out in 1977 and is heavily influenced by the punk movement."

Fish: "Social comment, great! But it was social comment in three syllable words rather than one syllable guttural screams. Wait till you hear 'The Final Cut' (the new Floyd album and the final part of the 'Wall' saga), it's so political, blatantly political."

So was 'The Wall' a reaction, or even an attempt at exorcism, in the light of this artiste/audience communication breakdown exposed by the punks?

Fish: "Roger Waters is a punk! He wrote 'The Wall' because he realised what was happening around 1974/75 both to himself as an individual and to the Floyd as a machine."

"But as far as what we can learn, we know there's no way we can avoid all the traps they fell into but now we know how to handle them and what to watch out for. We've had the blueprints, 'The Wall' to us is a blueprint."

'Alienation' is the by-word behind 'The Wall' and taking that as their guideline how can Marillion by-pass the 'rock star trip' that Roger Waters and his contemporaries fell into? How can they retain that essential contact with their fans as their success grows?

Fish: "People demand a hell of a lot from you but I'm not going to become unapproachable. OK, at some point I want my privacy respected, but if after a gig someone wants to talk to me then they can, because I know that's an opportunity for me to talk, not to one person, but a dozen others through him; he's going to tell all his mates he spoke to Fish and before you know it there's 300 people who know something about what you're like personally. I know I will physically not be able to talk to every Marillion fan but if I can get the opportunity to talk to one in some sort of reasonable detail then it's worth it. I think I am approachable, I'm not setting myself up as a rock star. I will

always jump down off any pedestal someone tries to shove under my feet."

To conclude, we should delve to the very heart of the matter. The question is simple: Is there currently a Progressive Rock revival? The answer rather more complex...

Fish: "No, there is no revival, it doesn't exist! A revival to me would mean about 40 bands all coming through at the same time, fighting for deals, with the companies going: 'well, which one do we take!' – that to me is a revival!"

"What's happened is that the spotlight has just swirled around, caught us, bounced off and found some others who are working in the same area. But the media is going to destroy it because that spotlight, instead of revealing them to the public, is burning them! The whole thing has been blown completely out of proportion; it's nothing, it's half-a-dozen or so bands coming through, that's all. And some of them still have a lot to do; some of them realise it, some of them don't. Some of them are looking for a quick kill or this famed 'half-million quid' deal. But for any one of those bands to catch up with us at the point we're at now, you'd have to put us in deep freeze for over 18 months, and that's honest!"

"What's going on now is a renaissance within the business, not an army that's advancing on the capital."

But are the bands following in Marillion's wake going to be able to survive such a damning criticism of the whole movement? Fish remains unrepentant:

"If I cause the demise of a band through this then that band doesn't have the right to exist anyway! If there's a band going to split up because of what I say in *Sounds* or *Kerrang!* then that band has no right to stand there and say 'We want a major record deal!'"

"It's not what's said in the press that counts anyway," Mark qualifies, "it's gigs and what people think of those gigs that matters because that gets transmitted by word-of-mouth."

So what now for Progressive Rock? What does the future hold?

Fish: "There's a new awareness in motion at the moment – music for music's sake, not for money's sake. The dictation of rhythm and the dictation of the commercial album is now getting pushed back, and people are beginning to realise: 'Let's play what we want to play, and let's see if people pick up on it.'"

"Punk' may be a dirty word to a lot of HM fans but in a sense it was punk that gave birth to the New Wave of Heavy Metal by bringing the power, the heart and the feel back into music. In the same way, Heavy Metal will grow up, become more complex, and eventually give birth to a real Progressive Rock revival. It's just a natural progression."

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THIN LIZZY: the last tour, Part One (ho ho).

THIN LIZZY: Coventry

FACT: When Thin Lizzy's publicist Tony Brainsby announced the group's imminent split, claiming that this would be their last tour; some of the venues which up until then had done as little as £60 worth of business virtually sold out overnight. In fact since then the group have been adding shows as weeks go by.

FACT: Tony Brainsby is a character renowned for using over-the-top tactics in order to get his clients space. One of his more famous ploys was the Judas Priest master tapes which, Brainsby claimed, were kidnapped in New York and held for ransom. This carefully crafted piece of mythology got plenty of National coverage, especially in the scandal sheets, but was exposed by the weekly music press as being a work of total fabrication and in the final analysis did more harm than good to both group and Brainsby.

FACT: This is not Lizzy's last tour by any stretch of the imagination.

FACT: People would be quite justified in saying that if Lizzy have to resort to such desperate measures in order to sell tickets, then they might as well call it a day. This sort of behaviour takes away any remaining shreds of credibility from a band who were once universally respected.

FACT: The new line up and forthcoming album are so impressive and such a progression for the band that in reality they didn't have to stoop to such depths to secure attention.

While the media approach this whole affair with more than a hint of sarcasm the group themselves seem to remain tight lipped when approached about their future plans.

To be quite honest I couldn't give a toss about the whole fiasco. The fact they've improved, going up quite a few notches since they enlisted the services of John Sykes makes the very idea of an early retirement seem very hard to swallow. Why would they even consider calling it a day at such

an opportune moment? The answer is simply; they won't.

Hopefully by the time this marathon trek is in its final throes, the Brainsby Bungle will be brushed under some carpet and people will start to appreciate this new improved state of affairs rather than approaching it as their swansong.

In my 'umble opinion Lizzy have always been one of Britain's premier live acts and until the release of 'Thunder And Lightning' their last credible piece of vinyl was undoubtedly 'Live And Dangerous'.

Apart from being a highly talented individual, John Sykes has managed to bring back the group's Killer instinct. The shows seem to be delivered with a new found passion, and although in their heart of hearts everyone knows this isn't Lizzy's grand finale everyone played their respective farewell roles to the hilt, hammering it up something rotten.

There's something about a packed out, bursting at the seams venue ('specially on a Saturday night) that seems to inspire mass lunacy. It seems to give everybody a licence to be crazed and inhibitions go right out of the window. I've never been to Coventry before but this audience were the wildest bunch I've come across in ages although I have been reliably informed that every night's been like this.

Of course the highly charged atmosphere in the auditorium rubbed off on the band who played with the lusty enthusiasm of horny young bucks. Big Youth Sykes has given the frontline a nice strong visual balance contributing at least 50% to the guitar chores which has lifted a burden from Gorham's back which was almost at breaking point during the stint with Snowy.

In fact this new set up has recharged Scott's creative juices and he looks positively elated rather than the corpse shadow of his former self we were growing accustomed to. Also a heavier emphasis on Darren

Wharton's versatile keyboardwork has given the whole sound more texture, light and shade.

There's a healthy competitive spirit between Gorham and Sykes. The new kid with long flowing golden locks represents the new face of Metal Youth. His playing style and appearance is derived from groups of the 80's and he provides the contemporary link between band and audience, giving Lizzy a whole new lease of life. Like Gary Moore in his formative years, Syke's fingers move faster than any other part of his anatomy, the solos have an adrenalin charge that generates itself throughout the band. He's not all speed, though and at times the man holds back displaying a stunning maturity as showcased in 'The Sun Goes Down'.

Lynott is Lynott is Lynott etc. At the helm as usual 'The Rocker' demonstrated that he can still shake a leg with the other delinquents, in fact the guy's songwriting improves with the years. The band coasted through a healthy selection of old and new material which was received with equal enthusiasm. From 'Jailbreak' to 'Cold Sweat' Lizzy have never been short of top quality material, and as the tour progresses they'll continue changing around the set, adding songs, which makes me look forward to the Hammersmith shows.

Encores were inevitable and instead of yer usual 'now it's time to boogie and get down' routine they surprised everyone with a very tender rendition of 'Still In Love With You', which Lynott says provides the answer to Lizzy's future, if you listen carefully to the lyrics.

Is this end?

PETE MAKOWSKI

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND:

Leisure Centre, Crawley

IT HAS become convenient, and all too easy, for the British government to

gloss over the problems in the state of South Africa. Because of its vested financial and trading interests in the country (South Africa is one of the major suppliers of uranium to the Western world, and uranium is the element from which the plutonium used to construct nuclear bombs is manufactured) the government tends to turn a blind eye to the repressive regime in operation there for fear of openly offending Mr Botha's ruling party.

And while this eye remains closed, thereby effectively condoning their actions, and lip-service is paid to Human Rights, the families of black workers are herded into areas called 'Bantustans' while they attempt to mete out a living for themselves, and their estranged families, in the cities hundreds of miles away.

The British government may choose to ignore the realities of the situation but former South African national Manfred Mann has not, hence the powerful 'Somewhere In Afrika' album and this, the 'Somewhere In Europe' tour. The Earth Band is taking Manfred Mann's message around the continent and that message is a deeply moving one.

Crawley was only the third date of this tour and the band, supposedly, were still warming up, though it would have been difficult, if not actually impossible, to tell such is the professionalism of Manfred's team.

Fronted by Chris Thompson, surely one of the most underrated performers in the business and the possessor of easily one of the most dynamic and arresting voices, they delivered straight from the heart straight between the eyes. The dual lead guitars of Thompson and Steve Waller forsake none of their obvious expertise in churning out solid, often breath-taking solos. (If you want to hear some *real* heavy guitar playing listen to Waller during Sting's 'Demolition Man', a theatrical showpiece, unfortunately somewhat marred here by some errant

feedback).

The light show and use of animated film enhance the effect of many of the songs particularly the set-closer 'Blinded By The Light', introduced by one of the mannequins drifting ominously across the backstage, and 'Instant Sex', a pointed and derisive dig, I suspect, at the manner in which sex is sold, cash and carry. This instrumental is brilliantly and amusingly illustrated by a short cartoon.

But the real magic is saved for the 'Africa Suite' that occupies the entire second side of the new album. To a taped backing of tribal chanting Manfred Mann paints his impassioned aural portrait of misery and the yearning for freedom. At the close of 'Brothers And Sisters Of Africa' Thompson leaves the stage to reappear on a podium at the back adjacent to one of the boiler-suited mannequins (which feature on the album cover). Accompanied only by his own acoustic guitar and Mann's keyboards he delivers Bob Marley's 'Redemption Song', an evocative and emotive piece that succeeds in bringing a lump to the throat and a sense of terrible guilt at the needless suffering reflected in its subject-matter. The point is made and the suite closes with 'Somewhere In Africa'.

The political message is there if you care to hear it, if not then this is still one of the finest shows you could encounter at present, both visually and acoustically. I urge you to see The Earth Band at the nearest opportunity and share an experience that is liable to linger in the memory for many years to come.

DAVE DICKSON

MEDINA AZAHARA: Greyhound, Fulham

I NEVER knew there were so many Spaniards in London; everywhere you

turned there were dark-tanned, moustachioed Spaniards eyeing you coldly - Christ, even in the toilets, making you feel quite uncomfortable, especially when I made the stupendous error of knocking over one of the bastards' drinks, a slip that cost me £1.40 (can I claim this on expenses?) and one I was to regret most sincerely later, leaving me with a mere 60p in my pocket. And they didn't even win the bloody World Cup!! Still, as the saying goes, never let a day go by (without some little adventure).

I figured this all had something to do with the fact that the Spaniards have never forgiven us for sinking the Armada in 1588 and this is part of some kind of vicious retribution (if you've ever been touring on the Costa del Sol you'll know how much they hate the British!!) So following in Baron Rojo's footsteps Medina Azahara imported themselves over here, presumably as ballast in a freighter shipping oranges or something.

They play numbers that felt 'epic', you know what I mean, well you would if you were a Styx fan, the sort of songs that go on and on (and on) about things we mortals are way beneath, struggles between... Ah, sod it, I mean I couldn't tell what they were babbling on about although the guitarist was quite nifty and the assembled Spanish exiles seemed to enjoy it, some were even singing along, if not with quite the same gusto as the Ian Anderson lookalike onstage.

If there was a point to all this it escaped me, perhaps I was looking the other way at the time. All, it would seem, is not right with the state of Spanish rock, but should WE be made to suffer for it? Maybe if we reimbursed them for the ships they lost in the English Channel they might.....

DAVE DICKSON

NAZARETH:

Coasters Club, Edinburgh

THERE IS often the problem that when a band has just produced an album of such class, skill and even beauty that the listener wakes from his slumber gibbering mindlessly, then there remains the nagging doubt as to whether the act can cut it as sharp and deep in the live arena.

'2XS' ignited exactly this fire of doubt and along with the fact that this charity gig was being held in a roller disco, hardly Rock 'n' Roll capital of Edinburgh, it seemed as if here was a gig tailor-made for disaster. That Nazareth produced even a fair show is a credit both to their ability and to that of their crew.

Things could have been so much better under superior circumstances I'm sure, but a '747 landing' of a sound tended to kill off Naz's main strength. Nazareth music is - and indeed has been so more often than they were credited for - based on subtlety and texture. Nagging volume coupled with indistinct clarity doesn't do them justice and nor does the fact that they had to play without a keyboardist. John Locke's departure is untimely and it is to be hoped that he is replaced with haste as it was largely his role on '2XS' which made that album so extremely listenable. No way could 'Dream On', 'Gatecrash', 'Boys In The Band' or 'Love Leads To Madness' have even a tenth of their vinyl impact without those ivory lines, 'tho Billy Rankin did his utmost to furnish the melodies as best he could on six and twelve string acoustics.

Opener 'Telegram' had Dan McCafferty putting his husky howl to great use while 'Cocaine' spot-lighted the finger-picking talents of that under-rated axe-man Manny Charlton.

No way a stormer, but Naz have some truly excellent songs and I can't wait to give 'em another chance under more accommodating circumstances.

HOWARD JOHNSON

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HEADPINS ROLLING

Though recently dropped by their label, Atlantic, the Canadian rockers are far from down and out. PAUL SUTER talks to the band's vocalist DARBY MILLS (pictured below).

REGULAR READERS of *Kerrang!* may have noticed that there's a growing number of female-fronted outfits being featured in our pages. Over the last couple of years it's gradually begun to be accepted that women *have* got what it takes to be both heavy and credible, and some spectacular vocalists have emerged in particular. The likes of Toronto's guitarist Sheron Alton are taking a while longer to make a major stand for themselves, but in Canada, perhaps more than anywhere else, female vocalists are becoming almost *de rigeur*. Must be something to do with all those lumberjacks, I suppose.

As yet none have broken America on any scale – the latest Canadian band to crack The States is Saga and they don't have any ladies in the line-up but The Headpins are currently hard at work on the task, and looking like a major success story in the making. And if they *do* score it will largely be down to the one performer to get a namecheck on the album sleeve, the fiery Darby Mills. Reactions to her have been nothing short of ecstatic, and she's well equipped to give Lee Aaron a run for her money in the hard 'n' heavy stakes.

Darby's not completely unknown to Britain, for she appeared – rather minimally clad-in *Sounds* a couple of years ago with a band called Steelback; they're still playing Vancouver bars but she's moved several steps forward since the parting of the ways. As yet a British tour is only intended rather than confirmed (though the loss of record company support will clearly hold things up on this front), so a telephone line was the only way I could glean all the goodies for your enjoyment and edification (actually I was in Toronto and she was in Vancouver, but that's another story entirely!). First point on the agenda was, of course, The Headpins stupid name...

"A long time before the band was put together our soundman and our guitar player were walking down the street and they saw a young lady wearing a bowling shirt with 'The Headpins' printed across the back. They thought it would be a great name for an album, and then it turned into the band's name."

Shame – pity the silly girl hadn't taken a different turning. Those of you who've picked up on the album as an import, or

caught it on the airwaves, will know that it's not a very convincing moniker for a band as subtly savage as this, but it's too late to change now.

The Headpins were effectively an accidental success story to begin with, and have their origins in a major reversal for one of Canada's longest enduring outfits, Chilliwack. The fact that Chilliwack survived the reversal, and that The Headpins turned out to be too good to pass over, has resulted in an interesting situation, which Darby did her best to explain:

"Chilliwack was having problems with Mushroom Records (the label that gave us the first Heart album) because the label went under and they were still contracted to them. While they were going through the court proceedings they needed to make some money to pay for everything so they started up this band. Initially Matt Frenette was the drummer and Bernie Aubin, the drummer we have now, was Loverboy's first drummer; basically they got swopped around. Denise McCann was the first singer, but about six months

on they decided to get real serious and find a new singer, which is where I came in. We got a Canadian recording deal about six weeks later with Solid Gold Records.

"We had Atco Records looking at us from The States, and about once a month someone would come up and see the band – I guess they just wanted to make sure. We got signed in the end, though the deal was pending for a few months."

The original vocalist, Denise McCann, came from a disco background, and has subsequently moved on to form part of the forties-style big band put together in Vancouver by former Prism drummer Rocket Norton. Darby Mills also has a pretty varied history...

"This is actually my tenth band – I've been around a bit over the last 10 years! From a black nine-piece to a country band, I've just about done it all. Apart from punk that is, I've never been in a punk band thank God. But now it's incredible working with musicians as talented as these people are; I had become stagnant and for the first few

months I just couldn't get to grips with it all, I was working with people of such incredible talent, but eventually I started to grow and they helped me immensely, broadened my horizons so much. It's great!"

But having rescued Chilliwack from the jaws of extinction messrs Macleod, Henderson and Bryant weren't about to knock the whole thing on the head in favour of the new band; a Canadian deal was inked with Solid Gold, the same label as The Headpins, but in The States it was Millenium who picked up the signatures and the ensuing success of their.

'Wanna Be A Star' album meant that their simultaneous involvement in another band could have led to assumptions that the successful Chilliwack were simply changing their name and making lots of money for another record company after Millenium had spent all the cash.

Millenium therefore threw a shopful of wobbles and ordained that anyone signed to them couldn't be in another band signed to another record company too – hardly unreasonable you'll agree – so replacements had to be found. The US trade paper *Billboard* carried reassuring statements from The Headpins' camp that the involvement of Chilliwack members in The Headpins' album had not gone beyond writing and production; any attempts to probe deeper find both Darby and your supersleuth scribe... mmmmf... gagged.

"We went around all the clubs in Vancouver and checked out all the bands we could, and basically chose the two closest people to the members that had to leave. Jim and Scott have filled in really well, we couldn't possibly have asked for anything more. Of course they're not the powerhouses that Brian and Ab are, but I think by the end of the first tour we're going to have two real hot musicians with us."

Despite Darby's great talent in her own right it's nevertheless obvious that she still holds the Chilliwack guys in some degree of awe. Macleod and Henderson in particular have a highly respected history in Canadian rock through the course they have steered with Chilliwack, but until the recent chain of events with 'Wanna Be A Star' they'd never achieved any degree of international success and seemed to be cast firmly amongst those who Deserve It But Don't Get It. Now that the situation has been put to rights they're hardly likely to turn their backs on it, but Darby is hoping that they (particularly Macleod –



DARBY MILLS: pic by Kandice Abbott

Brian Henderson's involvement in The Headpins never reached the same level as that of Macleod and Bryant) will eventually be able to work with The Headpins once again. It's strange that she should want to change a situation where, in the public eye, she is The Headpins, and submerge herself in a unit with other Famous People, but that seems to be a mark of her respect for the guys.

"Jim and Scott are great, but basically they're filling in until Brian and Ab can spend some time with us again. So much depends on Millenium and whether they can spare the pair of them; I'm hoping very much that the boys will be able to come back and join the back... well really they still are the band - Brian and Ab, Bernie and myself are still The Headpins."

For all significant purposes, though, Darby Mills alone is The Headpins right now. To those

"I think females have always been around in rock but they've never been taken that seriously."

who don't know of the Chilliwack connection, she has all the right qualities to be accepted as a talented leader choosing to use a band name rather than her own in pursuit of major league status. Which means that to the majority of record buyers she's another girl making a stand for the right of women to rock. Not that the truth is any different in this respect, of course; she may be almost overawed by the talent of her mentors but she's nevertheless determined to make her own mark as well.

"I think females have always been around in rock, but they've never been taken that seriously. People are going to be proven wrong real soon, though! There are so many females coming out at the moment and making a stand, instead of sitting back and taking what's given to them, they're fighting for what they want now. I think it's great - if they're working as hard as a male, why not give it to them?"

"I'm not a campaigning, feminist-like character; I'll fight for a female if she needs to be fought for, but everybody's got to go out and prove themselves. It is a male orientated business, so if you get the respect of the males that you work with you've done that much more."

Atlantic's decision to let the band go (one made by the US office, apparently, which went down none too well here) may well keep them away from our shores for a while, but Darby's already excited about the prospect of coming over. "I'd love to get over to Britain. I've heard so much about it and I'm really looking forward to making the trip."

You're a rotten little crawler Darby... but would anyone like to join my new subscription service to raise her air fare over here?

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NITRO

'DO YOU WANNA ROCK?' queries the sleeve of Nitro's 'Lethal' ten-incher and the answer had better be 'yes' because the band are an uncompromising US four-piece from suburban Pennsylvania who've clearly listened extensively to the same bands that gave the NWOBHM its inspiration. They cite influences from the likes of Black Sabbath, Alice Cooper, David Bowie and Ozzy Osbourne, and their live set includes numbers from AC/DC and Van Halen amongst their self-penned songs.

They've been together as a four-piece for about two years, with Dana Confer on vocals (a bloke - Dana Gillespie he isn't!), John Hazel on guitar, Brad Gensimore on bass and Tim Wilson on drums. It was actually Wilson's father, Fred, who put up the cash for the EP to be recorded in a 16 track studio late last year, and the band hope that it will attract attention on an international scale, particularly from Britain - they don't compromise their principles to try and achieve US airplay, and expect to receive a more sympathetic hearing abroad than at home. They do seem to have a pretty fervent local following judging by the sleeve's dedication to 'all the wild folks of the valley who keep us going' (their home area is known as Happy Valley), but you would hardly detect



their US origins from listening to the record inside the sleeve.

It's largely basic and ballsy, lots of one stroke drumming and squealing guitar as they get their heads down and thrash like a hooked pike. One track of the five on offer, 'Night Owl', stretches out rather more with its dark, driving power, but Nitro's basic aim is obviously to rock your block off and the remaining four tracks are basic

and blunt, energetic HM with clear Anglophile leanings and some exciting touches from guitarist John Hazel. Sophisticated they ain't, but hold on to your hat if you don't want it blown off!

Contact them c/o Hacksaw Productions, 112 E. Logan St, Bellefonte, PA 16823, USA.

PAUL SUTER

ROUGH JUSTICE

HAILING FROM the Newcastle area, Rough Justice are a five-piece outfit formed by the members of three local bands seeking to establish an identity with their own particular brand of music. Judging by the tape they submitted to *Kerrang!* they seem to be succeeding in their aim, the whole proceedings having a very professional air. As vocalist Steve Thompson told us: "We agreed to write our own music, work hard and get ourselves organised; we've about 16 finished songs of our own, and plenty more where they came from!"

Earlier this year they were the top-placed rock outfit in a local heat of Battle Of The Bands, coming third overall, and have since won an airing on BBC Radio Newcastle. They've been gigging extensively in and around their home base, and any local *Kerrang!* readers who haven't crossed their path already are advised to check them out at the first possible opportunity.

Their music shows more than a touch of a Deep Purple heritage, 'Machine Head' era, with a neat blend of guts and melody that doesn't topple over in either direction. Guitarists Paul Eden and Terry Black have a ballsy but tuneful approach, with bassist Brian Bradley and drummer Simon Hughes concisely supportive and exhibiting some neat touches along the way. Frontman Steve Thompson is the real find, however, a vocalist with real class in the Coverdale mould, whose talent adds a whole new dimension to the band.

The three tracks on the tape include the reflective 'Keep This Morning',

where the band successfully resist the temptation to go over the top and exhibit some well-placed skills in Thompson's phrasing and control, not forgetting a pair of well-judged guitar breaks. 'Breaking Free' is a more strident affair with its rich riffing and crashing peaks, whilst 'I Can't Help It' is almost a tribute to Purple yet still bears the band's individual stamp - the riff motor along beautifully, and

Thompson makes the most of an excellent hook that really helps the song stand out.

Consider Rough Justice heartily recommended; they can be contacted c/o 15 Horsley Avenue, Shiremoor, Tyne & Wear NE27 0UF.

PAUL SUTER



RENEGADES

This is a FREE service. But keep it brief – and clean! Send a photo too, if you like. Long, boring Penpal letters will go in the bin!



16 YEAR OLD female rocker seeks male companionship (16+) from anywhere in England. Esp into Def Leppard, AC/DC, Aerosmith and Kiss. Anna Miller, 1326 Keeavmoku St, 102, Honolulu, Hawaii 96814.

I AM a devoted Queen maniac who fortunately resembles Roger Taylor. I am anxious to contact any female Queen followers, so hurry up and tie your mother down. David Allen (age 18) 42a Union Street, Lye, Stourbridge, West Midlands.

HI, I'M Joey, 21, friendly attractive female rocker moving to Hants – what's the rock scene like there? I want lots of Hants mates and penpals from everywhere who dig the spirit and energy of rock. Especially people into Hendrix or choppers – you're rare. Joey, 9 Havant Farm Close, Havant, Hants PO9 2DH.

17 YEAR OLD hippyishly inclined loving couple wish to write to other couples – any age, any place (but especially Britain, France and Germany). Into Zep, Floyd, Tull, Genesis, Marillion, Aerosmith, ELP, Doors, Hendrix etc. Lynn and Tim, c/o

17 Humbledon View, Tunstall Road, Sunderland SR2 7RX Tyne and Wear.

LONELY 19 year old male, into AC/DC, Queen, also likes Whitesnake, Rush and Gillan, so drop me a line (females only) photo appreciated, all answered. Tommy Weir, 66 Craigielea Road, Renfrew, Scotland, PA4 8NH.

19-YEAR OLD American headbanger into Saxon, Riot, Judas Priest, Tank and most hard and Heavy Metal wants to hear from fellow noise junkies around the world but especially from the Metal capital London. Tim Brown, 1908 Fulton Street, Keokuk, Iowa, 52632 USA.

GONG, RUSH, Mountain, Hendrix, Here & Now, Hawkwind fans who have got nothing better to do than write to someone who looks nothing like Bon Scott or David Coverdale, write to: John 11 Avondale Drive, Ramsbottom (it does exist) Bury, Lancs BL0 9SJ.

TWO RENEGADES from the Temples of Syrinx, 18 + 19 into Rush, Lizzy, Asia, Sabbath, Purple and relatives. Want two rock 'n' roll Angels to converse with over the vast distances of space and time. Photo appreciated. Scribble your notes to: Kool Joe and the Funky Nomadic Tribesman, c/o 19 Mount Ave, Bare, Morecambe, Lancs.

17 YEAR OLD HM sailor would like to get in contact with any females into Saxon, Scorpions, Rainbow etc. Photo if possible, J.N.A. Andrew Williams, D194677X, Rooke 4, HMS Seahawk 2, RNAS Culdrose, Helston, Cornwall.

FOOT LOVING guy, 25, loves most music and also girl's feet (honestly!). Seeking girls with lovable feet for correspondence, meetings, concerts etc. Michael Rainbow, 14 Victor Road, London NW10.

ANYONE OUT there who can dig The Runaways, Kiss and Joan Jett, why not write to a crazy female? Nicki Howard, 57 Oakwood Road, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts.



I'M A 14 YEAR OLD female. My favourites are AC/DC and Whitesnake and I would like penpals from anywhere. Janet Callow, 3 Crickley Crescent, Briar Hill, Northampton, England.

17 YEAR OLD German HM fan is looking for penpals everywhere to exchange info, tapes, records etc. I'm into M. Fate, Acid, Accept, etc. All letters will be answered. Marcus Linneweber, Weizenstr. 6, T.661123, 4300 Essen 11, West Germany.

VERY LONELY 18 year old male rocker into Quo, Lizzy, AC/DC, Zep, Slade and Meatloaf, seeks sincere and attractive female fans between the ages of 17-20 living in or around Birmingham. Photos appreciated. All replies answered. Thomas Guihen, 148 Grove Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham 11, B11 4DD.

CALLING ALL pillocks. If you're cosmic (ha ha), hate skinheads and have got split ends, then don't worry cos you're the same as us. We hate people who don't like Tull, Van Halen, Marillion and Pavlov's Dog. So anyone who isn't addicted to mushrooms and beer need not apply. Offer open to both males and females, send a photo to: Chrissie Babe & Co, Fieldhead House, West St, Hoyland, Barnsley S74 9AG.

HI, I'M A friendly Zeppelin freak (of the female anatomy) who is in search of any male hippies or headbangers (16-18) who wanna write to me. I also like UFO, Rainbow, Sabbath & Purple. Please scribble to: Maria, 12 Fairview Drive, Watford, Herts WD1 3ST.

HI, I'M A lonely female crazy about HR, HM, especially Scorp, Rush, Sabbath and many American groups. I'm in search of a long haired male, fun loving and in the Notts area, aged

16+. If there's anyone out there please write (photos appreciated) to Sue Walton, 32 Southwell Lane, Kirkby In Ashfield, Notts NG17 8EY.

WOULD ANY male music lovers out there (22+) into ELP, Rush, Oldfield and other good music like to write to me. I'm Jeannette Ford (22), and I'd like to hear from you, 1 Kelly Cottages, Turnchapel, Plymouth, Devon.

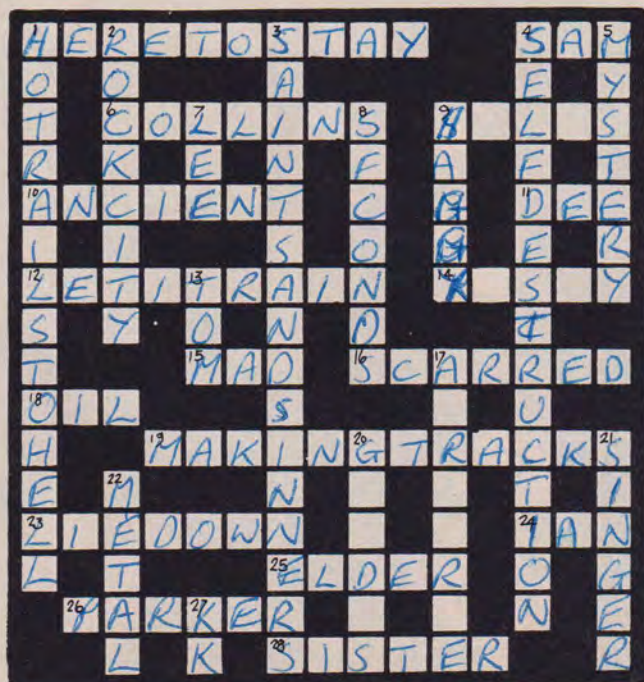
CALLING ALL down-under. Ultra-social and scatty pomme (16) wants you! Hoping to be in Sydney (Sylvannia area) this summer. 100 per cent addicted to music – Floyd, Zeppelin, Rush, Journey, Y&T. USA male or female loons welcome too: Alison Ashworth, Nafferton Farm, Stocksfield, Northumberland, England.

MALE 16, would like to hear from females (preferably) of similar age, who live in England (London pref). Must be into Sabs, Motorhead, Twisted Sister etc, and have a taste for the outrageous. Tony Bertucci, 53 Hannan St, Maroubra, Sydney NSW, Australia.

ONE MALE Snake (17) looking for Snake-loving females (16-20) for gigs, meets etc. into Snake, Ozzy, Zep, Purple, Tull, etc. Photo appreciated and all letters answered, so come on all you long haired rock 'n' roll Angels write to Roy, 118 Sandymount Ave, Stanmore, Middlesex.



12 YEAR OLD male rocker (from Ireland) into Thin Lizzy, The Doors, AC/DC, Led Zep. etc, wants a rocker over 12 as a penpal (male or female). Conor Farrell, 137 Bettyglen, Raheny, Dublin 5, Eire.



KEARPOSSWORD!

ACROSS

1. Could this describe the permanence of Schon and Hammer? (4,2,4)
4. 9 down's U.S. uncle? (3)
6. This Phil couldn't hurry love but some Metal freaks rate his band (7)
9. Are ZZ's Dusty's alive with the sound of music? (5)
10. This could describe Troy ... the city, not Mantis' Tino (7)
11. Welsh river for Snider (3)
12. Weather forecast from UFO (3,2,4)
14. This Day's sung with the Amboy Dukes and Cactus (5)
15. Descriptive of the axe man who attacked Schenker (3)
16. What Rose Tattoo are for life (7)
18. What Tull found in N. Sea (3)
19. What the Tygers are doing (6,6)
23. Whitesnake in restful mood (3,4)
24. Gillan/Paice (3)

25. Older than Frehley (5)

26. Phenomenal drummer (6)

28. 11 across' twisted relative (6)

DOWN

1. BOC's road to ruin? (3,5,1,4)
2. Location for Krokus (4,4)
3. Goodies/baddies for Coverdale (6,3,7)
4. The blues for Hanoi Rocks (4,11)
5. One of Quo's songs (7)
7. Aaron with a project (3)
8. 6 across helped put 'em out (7)
9. He scores 9 on a 10 scale (5)
13. Aerosmith's Hamilton (3)
17. Ginger Baker led this outfit (3,5)
20. Axe wielder who sharpens wits (6)
21. He sang Zep's song ... it's always the same (6)
22. Venom's is black (5)
27. Priest's Downing (1,1)

ACROSS 1. Here To Stay 4. Sam 6. Collins 9. Hills 10. Ancient 11. Dee 12. Let It Rain 14. Rusty 15. Mad 16. Scared 18. Oil 19. Making Tracks 23. Lie Down 24. Ian 25. Elder 26. Parker 28. Sister.

DOWN 1. Hot Rails To Hell 2. Rock City 3. Saints And Sinners 4. Self Destruction 5. Mystery 7. Lee 8. Seconds 9. Hagar 13. Tom 17. Air Force 20. Geddes 21. Singer 22. Metal 27. K.K.

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BON SCOTT R.I.P. f10Haven't forgotten Jobby and Heather I-O-W.

HENDRIX APPRECIATION Society 76 Hill Rd, Royston, Herts S.A.E.

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SWEET

a trip down
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ASK ANYONE who remembers Sweet what they were like and you'll get one of two straight answers. Either: 'Loved 'Blockbuster', 'Hell Raiser' and 'Ballroom Blitz', got all their old stuff at home. Dunno what happened to 'em though, I think they split up', or: 'A big bunch of jessies in womens clothing, hated them.'

Allow me to enlighten you still further. 'Ballroom Blitz' was by no means their last recording, there were many others prior to this year of '83. Yes the band are no more, I am loathe to say, but stay a while and let's imagine we have a time machine and an

album – playing jukebox, as we return to 1974 and . . .

SWEET FANNY ADAMS RCA (LPL1 5038)

'Teenage Rampage' has just left the charts having, like many of its predecessors achieved automatic entry into the Top 10. Sweet now think its time for an album that will enable them to expand their horizons and gain much desired musical respect.

'Sweet Fanny Adams' gets underway with the awesome 'Set Me Free', a number which gives the warning 'Sweet have gone heavy' more than perhaps any other track on the album what with its blistering solo and hell-churning lead vocals. And that's not all; this platter is full of classics – the headcrunching

'Sweet F.A.' and the masturbatory 'Restless' to name but two. This is a piece of vinyl full of Western Promise: the best debut album with the best sound all around, as Andre Previn might say. Even one of its weaker tracks, 'Peppermint Twist', gives Sweet a surprise no. 1 in Australia.

The band get an invitation from the Who's Pete Townshend to play their 'Who Put The Boot In' gig at Charlton Football Ground, and are all ready to kick off when two thugs silence singer Brian Connolly with left footers in the vocal box. A man down they can only complete the album. 'But life goes on, you know it ain't easy', and so . . .

DESOLATION BOULEVARD RCA (LPL1 5080)

It is now late '74 and another single, 'Sixteens', has notched up yet more success making Sweet '11 hit wonders'. Connolly's throat is in full working order for a second crack at the album market.

Mixing longer, more involved material with shorter, punchier songs, 'Boulevard' makes for interesting listening. Mick Tucker gets his 'Man With The Golden Arm' drum solo, a highlight of Sweet's stage show, down for posterity, proving himself the force behind the melody, while Scott provides some inventive guitar work, bringing jazz into his hard, driving style (grab a listen to 'Solid Gold Brass' & 'Medussa').

Singles wise, the boys suffer a

set back with 'Turn It Down', the 45 from the album, being refused airplay on grounds that it's 'unfit for family entertainment'. So, realising the importance of staying in the singles chart, they take 'Fox On The Run', again from 'Boulevard', give it a remix, and by March '75 see it up there at number 2.

A massive shake-up is taking place. Sweet break their song-writing link with Chinn & Chapman, a move that leads to legal hassles which drag on for most of the year. RCA ask the band for an album. They get . . .

STRUNG UP RCA (SPC 0001)

Described by Andy Scott as a release for the benefit of the accountants, 'Strung Up' is an album with a difference, blending live recordings with an update on the 'Biggest Hits' situation (see discography). Both parts provide a stop-gap while Sweet and Chinn & Chapman tie up the loose ends surrounding the split.

The live tracks (recorded at The Rainbow in '73) form the only official live album released by the band and serve as an excellent example (despite screaming females) of the way they could control their audience like the proverbial puppets on a string. 'Hell Raiser', the all-time glam boys anthem, is preceded by the infamous dirty movie countdown, strippers, phallic symbols and all, and followed by more rugby-match humour in the 'Burning'/'Someone Else Will' medley. The line 'If we don't f*** you then someone else will' must have gone down VERY WELL with the mothers of teeny nubile! The results are earth-shattering – Metal Muthas nationwide launch a 'Lock Up Your Daughters Campaign' and the girls stop coming, leaving the Male Chauvanist Brigade to revel in the suggestive, kinky

continues over



SWEET as they were (left to right): Steve Priest, Brian Connolly, Mick Tucker, Andy Scott.

"I'm amazed at the number of new, young heavy bands I meet who tell me they're really influenced by what Sweet did – it's great." – BRIAN CONNOLLY



pornography inherent in Sweet's lyrics.

But all is not lost; some of the girls grow up and exchange their backstage passes for jeans and T-shirts. Women become aware of rock music, as Sweet find touring the States after...

GIVE US A WINK RCA (RS 1036)

"This album is 100 per cent Sweet. We've written it, played everything on it and we're very pleased with it" (Brian Connolly, *Record Mirror*, 1976)

Like bees to a hive, a thousand ideas merge, making this the most skull-splintering of all Sweet albums. Connolly's tonsils are at their best, lilting, grinding and roaring to the steam rolling 'Action' and the sleazy, whorey 'Yesterday's Rain'. Scott keeps on coming. His solos are increasing in speed and precision, a fact amply shown by the feverish flow of notes in 'Keep It In'. Thus this 12" plastic masterpiece joins 'Fanny Adams' at the top of the fans charts.

In the wake of this release, the band begin a punishing 50-date tour of the States, meeting up with female jailbait rockers The Runaways and jamming with Blackmore at the Santa Monica Civic in memory of Paul Kossof, whose band, Backstreet Crawler, were due to support Sweet at that venue. Critics are responsive, the teeny stigma of the UK is forgotten and Sweet achieve cult status, sowing the seeds of change in the smooth, slick Metal of the West Coast.

The band return to the UK with a marked partiality for The Eagles and Steely Dan, going on to deliver the silky...

OFF THE RECORD RCA (PL 25072)

As Sweet flog themselves to death in the US, their Euro-British fans start to wonder when they'll next get a chance to see the band. In view of this atmosphere 'Off The Record' receives surprisingly good reviews, with *Sounds* man Geoff (Radioactive) Barton rating the platter at an amazing four and a half stars. Sweet begin to show immense versatility - rhythm changes, more harmony vocals/guitar and a souped-up production, all of which steers public opinion a few degrees their way.

An acoustic track (somewhat rare in Sweet's vinyl history) appears in the form of 'Laura Lee', which has the same calming influence on events as 'Lady

Starlight' had on 'Boulevard'. But, whereas previous albums had two minor or major hit singles, this one includes some of the biggest flops Sweet ever released. Not that they aren't superb examples of the band's Top 10 potential, but the increasing popularity of crass punk leaves the polished, commercial rock of 'Lost Angels' and 'Fever Of Love' out in the cold.

'Windy City', by way of contrast, is sheer indulgence, with Scott blending flowing passages and melodic tunes over the atomic fusion of Priest's bass and Tucker's drums. Connolly once more punches out his unique searing voice. This is the four-piece at the peak of their development.

'Off The Record' is the last album on RCA. The termination of that contract means a search for a new label, and Polydor welcome Sweet with open arms and high promises. They need a new album so, after 28 days at Clearwell Castle and a move from the Chateau France to Kingsway Recorders London, the Sweet chameleon chooses another colour. This is...

LEVEL HEADED Polydor (POLD 5001)

'A change is as good as a rest', is a well worn saying and 'Level Headed' is that change - not only in the style of music that spills from the grooves, but also in its indication of fresh ground yet to be covered.

Brian Connolly is now joined on the lead vocal rostrum by Steve Priest and Andy Scott; Andy's soft sensitive voice croons over the short acoustic 'Dream On' and the semi-heavy 'Fountain', while Steve Priest, best known until now for his effeminate, affected vocalising on 'Blitz' and 'Blockbuster', shares vocals with Brian on the disco-type 'Strong Love' then moves into the spotlight alone for the laid-back US-style 'California Nights'. Brian sings four songs including the classical Arthurian 'Lady Of The Lake' and Sweet's first big hit for some time, 'Love Is Like Oxygen'.

Sweet make a triumphant return to the UK, playing to a packed out Hammersmith Odeon (Feb 24 1978). But after that not a whisper is heard and many rumours spread concerning the supposed fate of the band. In Feb 1979 Brian announces his departure and intention to go

solo. Ronnie James Dio asks to join as replacement, but Sweet resolve to go on as a three-piece, wiping Connolly's voice from the master tape of the new album...

CUT ABOVE THE REST Polydor (POLD 5022)

As Brian walks out the door, Steve and Andy move in, splitting the vocal chores 50/50 with Mick Tucker stepping out from behind his kit to put his voice to 'Eye Games', an acoustic song about picking up birds in discos.

'Cut Above The Rest' is a magnificent album, showcasing Sweet's gigantic leap from teeny trash rock to a blend of all that's good within the general rock spectrum. Just listen to 'Mother Earth' as it flows purposefully along, its romantic main body finally giving way to a frantic Genesis-type climax. Keyboards are in use again as they were on 'Level Headed', augmenting another dynamic Scott guitar solo in the anti-soul boy 'Discophony', a flourishing cascade of notes that are a tonic to the ears.

Some fine, gentle songs also feature, Priest's perfectly mellow voice giving grace to the single 'Big Apple Waltz', while Scott whispers through the delicate 'Hold Me'. A high standard of musical ability has been reached on 'Cut Above The Rest', but, shamefully, promotion is almost non-existent, something that holds true for the singles 'Call Me' and 'Waltz' as well as Sweet's next offerings...

WATERS EDGE Polydor (POLS 1021)

"I'm a sixties' man at last I know it's true", sings Steve Priest with great surety, but 'Waters Edge' is definitely an album for the '80s as Sweet go in for more keyboards and synths, laying less emphasis on guitar. There is a sixties' flavour, however, in the haunting, echoing sounds phased over Scott's voice in the powerful 'Too Much Talking'.

The improvement in Mick's vocals is clear as he tries to get a call through on 'Own Up'. The poor lad doesn't get a chance to make the call, however, so he goes back to his drum-kit while bassman Priest forlornly sighs: "I don't want to live here anymore", on the title track, leaving a non-sexist message to close the album in 'Give The Lady Some Respect'.

Steve's recent move to New York is making it difficult for the band to get anything concrete

done. But, nevertheless, Britain sees a rare event in its rock history - a nationwide Sweet Tour, sparked off by a sell-out gig at the Lyceum Ballroom London (Jan 4 1981). The boys make one last album to fulfil their Polydor contract while Brian Connolly releases the single 'Hypnotized' and prepares to have a second crack at the rock game. Presenting Sweet's final curtain call...

IDENTITY CRISIS Polydor Germany (2311 179)

Sadly folks this is it, and I really mean *sadly*. Sweet once again change colour and emerge red hot and rocking, with Scott taking charge of the melody and keyboards redundant.

They seem to have thrown everything into this one, a dash of 'F.A.' coming to the fore in 'New Shoes' and 'Strange Girl', while the return of guitar breaks gives the old Yardbird's classic 'I Wish You Would' a touch Jeff Beck could smash his *Les Paul* to. The filthy lyrics also reappear, sex spewing all over 'Hey Mama' in gem lines like: "I'll keep on going till I'm over the top... I need a woman who can make it whenever I say". Coverdale beware, your crown is slipping.

Singles wise you're spoilt for choice with three possible 45s on display. 1) 'Two Into One' - a semi-punk rocker about a schizoid man, Priest's voice fitting the part to perfection. 2) 'Love Is The Cure' - a true Sweet song, with tight vocal harmonies, perfect axe work, hard-assed drumming and a chorus you could sing in your sleep. 3) 'It Makes Me Wonder' - Andy Scott's only lead vocal, it comes over futurist packed with pulsating syn-drums. A dead cert for the charts in the current climate.

Yes, Sweet are back to basics on this platter - no holds barred rock in the shape of a memorable riff on 'Falling In Love', pristine production being the order of the day...

And this is where the Sweet story ends. They've a current cult following among glam Metal bands, but they were probably the most reluctant Lipstick Heroes of the age.

Along with Zeppelin, Purple and Old Sabbath, Sweet were the last of the great British Bands, and I for one walk down Desolation Boulevard, shed a tear for souvenirs and remember the Lost Angels.

The legendary jam with Blackmore at the Santa Monica Civic in memory of Paul Kossof.



SWEET DISCOGRAPHY

SINGLES

PRE-SWEET RECORDINGS

ELASTIC BAND - FEATURING ANDY SCOTT

THINK OF YOU BABY/IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME BABY - DECCA - (F1 2763) - 1968
DO UNTO OTHERS/EIGHT AND A HALF HOURS OF PARADISE - DECCA - (F1 2815) - 1968

MAYFIELDS MULE - ALSO FEATURING ANDY SCOTT

DRINKING MY MOONSHINE/DOUBLE DEALING WOMAN - PARLAPHONE - (R 5817) - 1969
I SEE A RIVER/QUEEN OF ROCK AND ROLL - PARLAPHONE - (R 5843) - 1970
WE GO ROLLIN'/MY WAY OF LIVING - PARLAPHONE - (R 5858) - 1970
(If anyone has anything more on this matter - proof first).

SWEET SINGLES 1968-70

SLOW MOTION/IT'S LONELY OUT THERE - FONTANA - (TF 958) - 1968
GET ON THE LINE/MR McGALLAGER - PARLAPHONE - (R 5848) - 1969
LLOPPOP MAN/TIME - PARLAPHONE - (R 5803) - 1969
ALL YOU'LL EVER GET FROM ME/THE JUICER - PARLAPHONE - (R 5902) - 1970

RCA SINGLES

FUNNY FUNNY/YOU'RE NOT WRONG FOR LOVING ME - (RCA 2051) - 1971
COCO/DONE ME WRONG ALRIGHT - (RCA 2087) - 1971
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL/SPOTLIGHT - (RCA 2121) - 1971
POPPA JOE/JEANIE - (RCA 2164) - 1972
LITTLE WILLY/MAN FROM MECCA - (RCA 2225) - 1972
WIG WAM BAM/NEW YORK CONNECTION - (RCA 2260) - 1972
BLOCKBUSTER/NEED A LOT OF LOVIN' - (RCA 2305) - 1973
HELL RAISER/BURNING - (RCA 2357) - 1973
BALLROOM BLITZ/ROCK 'N' ROLL DISGRACE - (RCA 2403) - 1973
TEENAGE RAMPAGE/OWN UP TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF - (LPBO 5004) - 1974
THE SIXTEENS/BURN ON THE FLAME - (LPBO 5037) - 1974
TURN IT DOWN/SOMEONE ELSE WILL - (RCA 2480) - 1974
FOX ON THE RUN/MISS DEMEANOUR - (RCA 2524) - 1975
ACTION/SWEET F.A. - (RCA 2578) - 1975
THE LIES IN YOUR EYES/COCKROACH - (RCA 2641) - 1976
LOST ANGELS/FUNK IT UP - (RCA 2748) - 1976
FEVER OF LOVE/A DISTINCT LACK OF ANCIENT - (PB 5011) - 1977
STAIRWAY TO THE STARS/WHY DON'T YOU DO IT TO ME - (PB 5046) - 1977

POLYDOR SINGLES

LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN/COVER GIRL - (POSP 001) - 1978
CALL ME/WHY DON'T YOU - (POSP 36) - 1979
BIG APPLE WALTZ/WHY DON'T YOU - (POSP 73) - 1979
GIVE THE LADY SOME RESPECT/TALL GIRLS - (POSP 131) - 1980
SIXTIES MAN/TALL GIRLS - (POSP 160) - 1980

SOLO SINGLES

ANDY SCOTT

LADY STARLIGHT/WHERE D'YA GO - (RCA 2629) - 1975

BRIAN CONNOLLY

HYPNOTIZED/FADE AWAY - CARRERE RECORDS - (CAR 231) - 1982

ALBUMS

PRE-SWEET RECORDINGS

EXPANSIONS ON LIFE - ELASTIC BAND - DECCA RECORDS - (SDN 6) - stereo - 1969
(DN 6) - mono - 1969
Features Andy Scott on lead guitar and backing vocals. (No other Sweet member recorded an LP this early. If anyone thinks otherwise - I want proof!)

RCA SWEET ALBUMS

FUNNY HOW SWEET COCO CAN BE - (SF 8238)
(part compilation, part first RCA recordings - amount pressed 10,000)
SWEET FANNY ADAMS - (LPL1 5038) - 1974
DESOLATION BOULEVARD - (LPL1) - 1974
STRUNG UP - (SPC 0001) - 1975
GIVE US A WINK - (RS 1036) - 1976
OFF THE RECORD - (PL 25072) - 1977

POLYDOR ALBUMS

LEVEL HEADED - (POLD 500L) - 1978
CUT ABOVE THE REST - (POLD 5022) - 1979
WATERS EDGE - (POLS 1021) - 1980
IDENTITY CRISIS - GERMAN POLYDOR - (2311 179) - 1982
COMPILATIONS - SWEET & PIPKINS - (MFP 5248) - features the three Parlaphone singles.
SWEETS BIGGEST HITS - RCA - (SF 8316) - 1972
GOLDEN GREATS - RCA - (PL 25111) - 1977
THE SWEET - RCA/CAMDEN - (CDS 1168) - based on 'Funny How Sweet CoCo Can Be' & 'Biggest Hits' - 1978.

SINGLE ROUTES

reviewed by CHAS DE WHALLEY

THIN LIZZY: 'Cold Sweat' (Vertigo).

This could have been Thin Lizzy's best single in years if they'd only lifted Phil Lynott's voice a little in the mix. The track itself is classic Lizzy, an out-and-out rocker with an explosive exocet beat and a sidewinder guitar solo, too. Had producer Chris 'Typhoo' Tsangarides only pushed up the presence a little on that lead vocal then this might have been on the radio and in the charts before you could say 'The Boys Are Back In Town'. Still, at least it will sound wonderful through a sound system.

GREAT WHITE: 'Out Of The Night' (Aegean)

Is this a mini LP or a maxi 12" single? Who cares when the gear is as good as this. Great White would seem to be another American Metal outfit with distinct glam overtones, but their sound is something Sandy Pearlman might be proud of. In fact, this is some of the best heavy rock to come from the US since The Cult's 'Agents Of Fortune' album. Expect Great White to be snapped up by a major label sooner than soon, but buy this first and be amazed!

BIG COUNTRY: 'Fields Of Fire' (Phonogram)

Some might say Big Country shouldn't be seen dead in the pages of *Kerrang!* being led, as they are, by former Skids guitarist Stuart Adamson. But then some have never heard the power and glory of this remarkable Scots Band. Backed with another ace track 'Anglepark', this reeling rocker whirls by on dervish duelling guitars and a bouncing, bouldering beat. Not strictly mayhem perhaps, but magic nonetheless.

GARY MOORE: 'Falling In Love With You' (Virgin)

The 'Parisien Walkways' guitar intro gives Gary away immediately. But once he starts to sing then this Steve 'Culture Club' Levine produced ballad is more like a lush Lionel Ritchie than Motorhead - or Thin Lizzy for that matter. The B-side, an instrumental version of the same song, is much superior.

BONNIE TYLER: 'Total Eclipse Of The Heart' (CBS)

Bonnie Tyler meets Meatloaf by the dashboard light. Song written and produced by Jim Steinman, track played by Springsteen's E Street Band, single marketed with all the muscle CBS can muster, this will either make Bonnie a megastar or send her back to Glamorgan a laughing stock. If you like Steinman's work and Tyler's husky voice then you'll never tire of 'Total Eclipse', but it sounds like a remould to me.

SAMSON: 'Red Skies' (Polydor)

The Samson I saw three years ago were little more than a shambles. One man in a mask, an over-loud guitarist and too much dry ice. Now they're measured and meaty like singer Nicky Moore's belly. But the most exciting

thing to say about these bluesy, sub-Whitesnake workouts is that they're available either on 12" or picture disc. So you can pay your money and take your choice. Or else not pay your money at all.

AXE WITCH: 'Pray For Metal' (Axe)

Demonic Heavy Metal must grow on trees in Sweden nowadays. This lot comes in 12" form on blood red vinyl and proves Axe Witch to be simple, direct and immensely powerful, conjuring up memories of classic sixties Sabbath and Purple. It all goes down very well with our resident office Italian and, since the sleeve swears that neither synthesizers or overdubs are to be heard on the four tracks here, it goes down well with me too. Every headbanger could have this 15 minutes of pain. It's excellent.

GOLDEN EARRING: 'Twilight Zone' (Mercury)

Re-released after its failure to do damage last year, Golden Earring's hybrid of heavy rock and the Munich Moog Machine sounds even more like Country Joe and the Fish than ever. It grows on you though.

CHINAWITE: 'Blood On The Streets' (Future Earth Records)

Butterflies these boys most certainly aren't. But they are good. This arrived in the *Kerrang!* office as a pre-release cassette and now I can't wait to hear it on vinyl to see whether that atmosphere and poise and sense of space is really there. Chinawite could just bridge the gap between orthodox HM and the new guitar bands like U2 and Big Country and do very well for themselves. Then again, they could prove another...

FACTORY: 'You Are The Music (We're Just The Band)' (Future Earth Records)
Who do no justice at all to what I suspect was originally a second-rate Trapeze song. Pity that, since their press release/booklet makes them out to be an enterprising bunch of Yorkshire rockers.

DEMON FLIGHT: 'Metal Flight' (Metal Blade Records)

More surrogate Sabbath riffs from a Los Angeles-bred trio. But hold hard a moment partner - lead singer/bass player Rick Gerard sings 'Dead Of The Night' in the weirdest falsetto you've ever heard. Like Frankie Valli crossed with Fischer Z's John Watts and, believe it or not, it works - which is more than can be said for the other two tracks on this 12 inch.

DAGABAND: 'Second Time Around' (MHM)

Aargh! It's 'orrible! The New Wave Of British Progressive Rock is upon us. Can't say I enjoyed it the first time around, but I loathe this three peace offering. It's all soaring guitars and squelchy Keith Emerson chords, and just listen to what they've done to the 'Oo's 'I Can See For Miles', ma? Not Nice at all.

GREAT WHITE: a deal should follow



Manowar



THEY MIGHT presently be without a record deal but, as these photos prove, Manowar are far from finished.

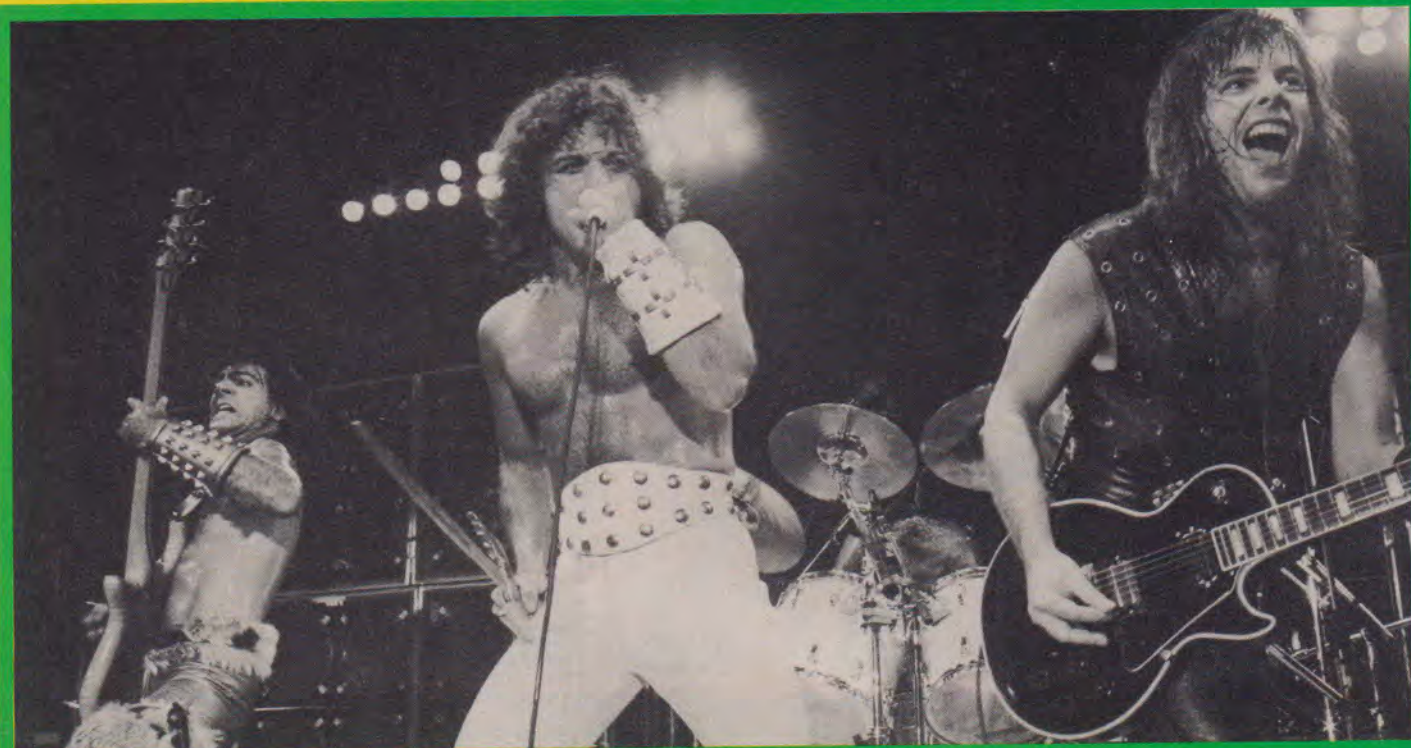
Snapped at the recent 'World War III' HM festival in New York are barbarian bassist Joey DeMaio (right) in deathly earnest pose, and vocalist Eric Adams (above), shown proudly displaying the band's 'trophy' items, which are precisely what they look like – items of ladies' lingerie gained through the mighty gladiators' on-the-road (ahem) exploits.



JOEY DeMAIO: "I truly believe I'm the fastest, wildest, best bass player in the world."

SWORDID TALES

"We're the only true Metal band in America!" claim MANOWAR. HOWARD JOHNSON holds onto his ears and looks forward to a taste of some mannish 'Black Wind' (!?)



**'Manowar – born to live for evermore
The right to conquer every shore!'**

BELIEVE YOU me, if there was ever a band that laid down a lyric and meant every single word of it, then Manowar is that band! Bassist Joey de Maio and guitarist Ross The Boss couldn't be seen by myself, sitting and scribbling at breakneck speed over a steamy telephone line in London, but the burning passion which they have for all things Manowar successfully transmitted itself over those thousands of miles in a manner which can only be described as 'religious'! I swear I could feel their eyes aglow!!

Great has been the verbosity of the Manowar mouths on the subject of 'mannishness', the holy pursuit of all things manly, but there comes a time when even the most hardened *homo sapiens* meet their come-uppance. That time is now...

"We've both got rather sore faces this morning," informs Joey. "Ross and I went to a night club in Mount Vernon last night and got into trouble with some short-haired disco types. Their birds were circling around us and they didn't like it. There were

more of them than there were of us but at least we managed to get a few licks in – hey, music is our thing, not boxing!"

Yet Manowar music, too, seems to have taken something of a beating. Dropped by EMI America, much to the disgust of Capitol UK who had managed to do great things with the band's first, and to date only, album 'Battle Hymns', and so far unable to resign with another label for one reason or another, things have taken something of a downward turn of late. That sword-swinging, tough-talking faith has certainly come in mighty handy. So what actually happened with EMI? Is it true that Manowar was dropped from the label for not shifting enough product? Joey:

"I would like to make a few corrections to the statement from EMI that claims we were dropped for not shifting product. That is *totally* false. The real reason for our leaving was that the record company lost its nerve. EMI got a new president in and everything changed. All of a sudden they didn't understand the commitment that has to be made to keep a Heavy Metal band rolling – they got cold feet. And nothing has happened for EMI in the Heavy Metal field since. Look at the Spys' album. That was going real well and it's just died a death now.

"We had no promotion so we never stood a chance, and they

pulled the deal right before we were due to come over to the UK to play at Reading."

Being visually strong and conscious of promoting themselves as a rock 'n' roll entity, it's not too difficult to comprehend why it was Bill Aucoin, a John Cleese lookalike and svengali of Kiss in their heyday, who was handling the management of Manowar at the time. Now surely here was the ideal man to find another company brave enough to throw out a lifeline to the mannish ones. Joey:

"With eight to ten thousand albums sold and the reputations that both Bill and ourselves have, you would've thought it would have been no problem to secure another deal, but it didn't work out like that.

"We were actually pleased that EMI dropped us because all they were doing was letting the album sit on the shelf. We wanted to go somewhere where they would really help us. When Bill Aucoin called and gave us the news we said: 'Great! Now get us a new deal!' but that turned out to be easier said than done. He tried to get us a fresh contract but didn't turn up with much. He claimed that the labels were shy of a band that had been dropped after two months but we believe that he just wasn't on the case. He couldn't get the time of day with any of the record companies."

"I'd say that he just happened

to be in the right place at the right time with Kiss," adds Ross.

He may well have a point. Despite the mega-success achieved by Kiss, which automatically turned Aucoin into a money-making magician figure, his track record isn't particularly special. Despite having some excellent product to market, he's consistently failed to break his acts, from Starz through to Spider (US brand) and Billy Idol. Only with John Waite is there more than a glimmer of hope.

"We've left him now," says Joey, "because when we were with him nothing happened, absolutely *nothing!*"

What did Manowar do to overcome this zero activity situation once they'd departed from under Bill's wing? Ross:

"We obviously had some difficult and heavy decisions to make, and in the end we decided to really go for it (as all good mannish men should). We took the money owed us by EMI for their breach of contract and went to record the next album by ourselves in Rochester, New York."

Hopefully this will prove a better produced LP than 'Battle Hymns' (the songs on which were severely hampered by an indistinct, lifeless sound).

"Oh yeah! The engineer ruled that first album with an iron grip. He recorded the whole thing with Dolby! Who the hell uses Dolby on a Heavy Metal album?! We've

made up for it now, though – the sound on the new LP is unbelievable!

There's one huge drum sound!" The work of new Manowar, Scott Columbus...

"He's a true mad dog, the man we should have had from the start. A female friend of ours found him beating aluminium in a foundry and told him that she knew of a band which was looking for a drummer. He'd never heard of us but he came down and gave it a shot. He learnt the whole album in half an hour! The guy has incredible memory retention," (whatever that means!)

"The album is unnamed right now," says Joey. "We're waiting for the right moment – for inspiration to hit us! (That now seems to have happened – the album will be called 'Into Glory Ride' – Stop Press Ed). But the song titles should make our intentions clear. There's 'Gloves Of Metal', 'Revelation (Death Angel)', 'Gates Of Valhalla', 'Hatred', 'Secret Of Steel', 'Brothers Of Metal', 'Defender' and 'March Of Revenge (By The Soldiers Of Death)'."

"People have accused us of having big mouths and we have! But we're sick 'n' tired of false Metal and we can back up everything we say."

And what about an Orson Welles cabaret piece?

"Yeah, Orson has a piece during 'Defender'. He recorded it when he did 'Dark Avenger' for the first album but we've redone all the music."

"March Of Revenge' is dedicated to our road crew. In many ways they are the best part of Manowar. They have a religious belief that, one day, we'll be the biggest band in the world and they'll give whatever it takes."

There's that religious mania again. Belief in this band is powerful and runs from top to bottom.

"We're the only true Metal band in America and all our inspiration stems from true Heavy Metal bands. Black Sabbath are the ultimate as far as we're concerned and 'Black Sabbath' the ultimate song. We've learnt that Heavy Metal doesn't have to be fast to be heavy. Slow and crunching can be heavy as well!"

Do Manowar feel that they approach a Sabbath-like level of manic heaviness, then? Ross:

"The new album takes up where side two of 'Battle Hymns' left off. I'd say that side one of 'Battle Hymns' wasn't the heaviest Metal ever played, but with the new album we are definitely getting there. We want to do one thing, and that is play the best, the most melodic and the heaviest Metal ever recorded!"

Hyperbole of the highest order, but Manowar are deadly (double deadly) serious. Listen to Joey's views on the ultimate HM experience – the live scenario:

"No band that doesn't play loud can be heavy! We have more gear and better gear than any band in the world! We go out onstage with a hundred speakers and thousands of watts of power whenever we can. When I do my bass solo I turn on every bit – and we take no gear out onstage that we can't use!! But what we play is distinct and clear. You can pick up Eric (Adams – vocalist) perfectly, though we call the sound you hear when you stand between Ross and myself 'Black Wind'!"

This, ahem, Black Wind, apparently blew up a hurricane recently when Manowar headlined 'World War III' (you didn't know it had begun?) with Virgin Steele in New York.

"We didn't get on badly with Virgin Steele, but, as I said, we believe we are the only true Metal band in America. One of the first gigs I ever played was supporting Journey," explains Joey. "Their manager came up to me before

the gig and said: 'There's the lights, there's the stage, there's the audience. Go out and do whatever you can!' I was treated so well that, when we formed Manowar, Ross and I decided that if any band opened for us, we'd treat them the same way. That's what we told Virgin Steele. If you're truly fearless, why worry about the other band? Listen, I truly believe I'm the fastest, wildest, best bass player in the world!"

You'd better listen too, punters, for Manowar see their main assault on world domination as stemming from Britain:

"Ross and I formulated the basics of Manowar in the Newcastle City Hall when we were both on the Black Sabbath tour. We were inspired by Britain and want to play there more than anywhere else. If it means living over there for a couple of years, then that's what we'll do! We'd be over tonight if we could manage it! It will be an extreme honour to play in Britain and I guarantee we'll be everything we say we are!"

Hardly bashful when it comes to singing their own praises are they?!

"We're young, we're strong and we give people what they want!" is Joey's claim. "People have accused us of having big mouths and we have! But we're sick 'n' tired of false Metal and we can back up everything we say!"

Are you going to argue?

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunikation, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

Too much msgt allegedly has made some people dizzy, starts others sneezing while others even complain about burning in the breasts.

I SAW this in the *Sunday Express Magazine* (not mine honest guv!) Funny, I thought, I haven't noticed any of the symptoms, perhaps I should go to the doctor, (doctor?)

This letter was brought to you by **Tim the Rush fan.**

WE THE underfed, would like to register a protest against the quiche-ist propaganda in your mag. We refuse to accept that eating quiche is at all wimpy. We are members of the heaviest band in the world (you must have heard of us) the Waarch . Gachung Gachung Gachung Bleooaarghh band which is so heavy, even the drumkit has a tremelo arm, and we eat quiche regularly. We can also drink three pints of vodka in half an hour without falling over (much). We all know that real wimps eat pot noodles. **WGGGBB, Gravesend.**



GIRLSCHOOL's Kim: quiche me quick (see letter above)

HOW ABOUT a feature on the hottest band to emerge from darkest Wales in decades, namely No Quarter. If you're into hard rockin' with direction, then look no further. This ageing Heavy Metal hippy ain't heard anything hotter since that late sixties threesome Deep Purple, Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, and you can't praise higher than that can you? They've two hot cassette albums currently available for your delictation and delight – 'Songs In Circle' and 'Uncertain Future' – so give these boys an airing and you will trip into the affinity of Metal superspace, an experience not to be missed!

The boys can be contacted as follows: 'No Quarter', c/o Debbie Young, 1 Ty Gwyn Cottages, Blaen Y Cum Road, Pantygasseg, Pontypool, Gwent.

YOU'VE had some 30 odd issues out on the streets and you still forget to mention one of the greatest bands of the so-dubbed NWOBHM, namely 'Marseille', who had one great album released on the now defunct Mountain label. Before your Iron Maidens, Saxons, Samsons and Def Leppards came on the scene, I saw them blow the Motors off stage and give Priest, Whitesnake and UFO a run for their money. So how about an interview with them before this starts a backlash from nuggets.

Anyway, keep up the good work. Rock music in general is more popular now than it's ever been, so thank for a great mag. **Nick Gazeley, Luton, Beds.**

Your wish is our command! An interview with Marseille follows next issue. Happy now...?

I AM writing to you about the Sammy Hagar interview. The things some big-headed stars say in the name of rock 'n' roll is really starting to make me sick. So Mr Hagar reckons it's really great to go in full force and smash

people in just 'cause you happen to be bigger. His views on the Falklands and Vietnam are so similar to those of Margaret Thatcher (who ain't no friend of mine) that I think he should join the klu klux klan.

And as for his views about people in Iran. There ain't nothing wrong with hating Komeini for the crimes he committed in the name of religion against his people, but to come up with all Iranians are 'backwards bastards' just shows his stupid mentality. I happen to be Iranian and I pride myself on being a 'backward bastard' as long as forward thinking is led by his kind. Why doesn't he wear his 'stars and stripes' and get himself a guitar lead and flag pole and advocate his sick mentality from up above where he can be seen. (I think he does – Ed) Then at least he has done something positive for humanity. **Ecstatic Technician (on behalf of immoral minority).**

I AM a total headbanger, into denim, leather, studs and total Metal. I pound my head to the beat of Priest, Maiden, Twisted Sister, Venom, Anvil etc. You name it, if it's really heavy I like it. Everything in my life is great, except for the fact that I live in America. There are very few true headbangers here, y'see. At concerts, even if the band is Motorhead or Girlschool, most people just sit back in their seats and relax, and everytime I go to one I can't wear my wristbands because they're regarded as weapons. This bums me out, because I like to wear denim and leather – always.

Also, England is where Heavy Metal happens. I mean, I've never seen bands like Angel Witch or Venom, and I probably never will until the day I get enough money to come to England. I would love to be jamming out with some true headbangers, at the *Marquee* or something. That would be heaven.

Besides pounding my head to the beat of Heavy Metal daily, I play in my own band. Watch out for fellow metallurgists Black Death; they're an all-black HM band from Cleveland and I think they're gonna make it big. Since I cannot be in England I would like to hear from headbangers, both male and female. Please send me a picture of yourself. Till then I think I'll go put on my 'Spellbound' album and get Syked. **Pat Marshall, 2133 Miami Road, Eullid, Ohio, USA 44117.**

HELLO! I'm a female bassist from Los Angeles. I would like to know why you printed a full page photo of 'Betsy', when there are so many others who deserve attention more? As a female musician I am embarrassed that you are running photos of such a talentless singer who hasn't even learned what it means to be in key!

There are many talented girls who really deserve your attention. My favourites are an all-girl band called Obsession and the singer/organ player in Hellion. None of these girls have to rely on tacky costumes and false eyelashes to draw a crowd. Their music speaks for itself.

It's no wonder that most male musicians have a bad opinion of female Heavy Metalists in America – it's obvious that the only thing most music papers care about is posing. On behalf of myself and the girls in my band we'd like *Kerrang!* to start paying attention to music and not costumes. **Cindy Cyborn & 'Lady Fox', Los Angeles.**

You'll be pleased to hear that Obsession haven't escaped *Kerrang's* attention and will feature in these pages soon.

Pic by Geoffrey Thomas



VINNIE VINCENT

THE BLOKE striking the Lord Kitchener-style 'your fave band needs YOU' pose is none other than Kiss guitarist Vinnie 'Wiz' Vincent, the Metal maniac acting as replacement for the indisposed Ace Frehley on the band's current US mega-tour.

In case you're fascinated by his make-up, let me tell all you budding clones that the strange-looking symbol on his nose is an ancient Egyptian motif dating back to the days when the only rock around was the sort used to build pyramids!

The 'Wiz' also goes under the name of Vincent Cusano, who you may recall co-wrote some of the songs on Kiss' latest 'Creatures Of The Night' set, these being 'I Love It Loud', 'I Still Love You' and 'Killer'.

But with this new axeman (who's apparently been contributing some sterling live work, on vocals as well as lead guitar) now in tow, where does the elusive Ace stand? Sources close to the band have informed *Kerrang!* that both men are presently engaged as members of Kiss, and that the Spaced one, due to produce the debut album by Los Angeles OTTers Wasp, might well provide some extra-terrestrial mayhem on the next Kiss LP. However, he won't be making any guest appearances on the band's tour, which looks likely to last until June, due to his physical condition following a recent car crash, though a desire to spend more time with his young daughter might well be a more pressing reason. For the moment, it seems, gold nose jobs rule!

KISS

KISS